

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND

BY WICKHAM STEED

WE are at war, and must pull together till the war is won. To pull together will be easier if we know exactly what we are fighting for, and why. Peace, when it comes, must not find us unready. In order to be ready we need to understand where we have been wrong in the past so that we may be right now and in future. If fighting is to-day in the foreground, the background out of which the bolt of war fell upon us—not from the blue but from sombre clouds long gathering—has to be borne in mind and pondered over.

Without fear or favour, and in the light of my own experience and knowledge, I propose to examine this background. The fact that we are at war does not preclude reflection upon past errors, or thought of what may be a grim future unless those errors be recognized and made good. Whatever views I may express or conclusions I may draw will be dictated by the twin convictions that nothing matters to-day so much as the winning of this war by the forces ranged in defence of human freedom, and that it will not be truly won unless the winning of it be followed by a peace that shall be more than an interval between the end of this war and the beginning of another.

It has been said and written that the outbreak of war at this moment is due to one man and to one man alone—Adolf Hitler. This is a dangerous half-truth. Even did Hitler not represent the doctrines and ambitions of pan-Germanism in its extremist form, tricked out with mystic nonsense about “the Aryan race” and “blood and soil”, the truth would remain that he has been, for years past, recognisable and recognizable as a homicidal maniac possessed by the lust of power, and that his writings, words and deeds have certified him as such. If a homicidal maniac be not restrained by others, is he alone answerable for the murders he will continue to commit? How

came it, then, that British and other statesmen, with the fullest information at their disposal, could believe, or could behave as though they believed, that Hitler was a politician like unto themselves with whom every difference could be settled by "negotiation"? This mystery will one day need to be cleared up. So persistent was the fatuous yearning for a "settlement by negotiation" that it led us to one of the most critical moments in our recent history.

On the night of Saturday, September 2, more than thirty-six hours after the German invasion of Poland had brought the Anglo-Polish alliance into active force, official spokesmen in both Houses of Parliament declared that "If the German Government should agree to withdraw their forces, then His Majesty's Government would be willing to regard the position as being the same as it was before the German forces crossed the Polish frontier; that is to say, the way would be open to discussion between the German and Polish Governments of the matters at issue between them, on the understanding that the settlement arrived at was one that safeguarded the vital interest of Poland and was secured by an international guarantee".

If, at that moment, a vote of censure had been moved in the House of Commons it would have been very strongly supported. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, deputy-leader of the Labour Opposition straightway became the spokesman of the country and of the House. He was greeted by cries of: "Speak for Britain! from the Ministerial benches, and he had the whole House with him when he demanded "that there shall be no more devices for dragging out what has been dragged out too long". The moment we look like weakening, he went on, "dictatorship knows we are beaten. We are not beaten—we shall not be beaten".

Next day the news that we were at war was received with feelings of intense relief, so deep had been throughout the country what Mr. Greenwood then described as the "resentment, apprehension and anger" that had reigned over Parliamentary proceedings the night before. This was no exaggeration. An observation of our public affairs which now extends over nearly half a century I have never seen the temper of our people so ugly as it became on that Saturday night after the Minister's statements had been broadcast to the nation.

The prompt formation of the War Cabinet, with Mr. Winston Churchill in it and Mr. Anthony Eden on its threshold, increased the relief given by the prospect that "negotiation" and "appeasement" would henceforth be at an end. A War Cabinet is something. We do not yet know whether it will be the *Government for War* which the country needs and must have. As a reassuring element in the immediate background stands the seeming paradox that a nation which hated war and was devoted to peace should have felt relieved that war was at last declared. To this paradox the Prime Minister supplied the key when he, in his turn, won the cheers of the House on Sunday, September 3, by concluding a somewhat lachrymose personal statement with the words : "I trust I may live to see the day when Hitlerism has been destroyed and a liberated Europe has been re-established". The nation does not *trust*; it is determined to destroy Hitlerism.

By common consent "Hitlerism" is the enemy. "Hitlerism" is something more and something worse than the "Prussian militarism" which was the enemy in 1914—1918. Common to both is the immoral doctrine that Might is Right, and the Prussian conception of the State which Hegel deified as "God's movement in the world", "the absolute power on earth" and "an end in itself". New in Hitlerism is Hitler's own conviction that he himself is divine. In words which he used to one of his former advisers : "In so far as there is a God, I am He". Even William of Hohenzollern, whose familiarity with the Almighty astonished the world in the closing years of the 19th century, never went beyond speaking of "My old ally, God".

But behind Hitlerism stands, as it stood behind William of Hohenzollern, the Prussian militarist tradition which, it was fondly hoped, the war of 1914-1918 had broken for ever. The reasons why it was not broken enter largely into the background of the present war. They merit careful examination. Chief among them was the belief, sedulously inculcated upon the German people for generations, that under Prussian leadership the German army held the secret of invincibility—a belief founded upon its victories in the three wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870-71. All competent witnesses of the rise of Hitlerism in Germany agree that its most persuasive appeal to the German

people was its constant denial of the fact that Germany had been defeated in the war of 1914-18, and its emphatic assertions that just when the German armies were on the eve of triumph they were stabbed in the back and betrayed by Jews, Marxists and other traitors at home. As Mr. Edgar Ansell Mowrer truly said in his book "Germany Puts the Clock Back":

It was not imperialistic scheming, but vanity amounting almost to a vital need, that caused the people to deny reality in the form of its own war responsibility and defeat. What to foreigners seemed wrong-headedness or sheer duplicity was mere incapacity to face a truth incompatible with the national self-esteem. For a creed is doubly necessary to men who can never quite decide between opposites, who oscillate between jelly-like receptivity and pompous nationalism, unable to accept any form, yet unceasingly jealous of shaplier nations, conscious of immaturity, of lack of face, yet somehow proud of it all as far richer in promise than the neat outlines of Latins and Anglo-Saxons.

This analysis of the German national character by a sympathetic observer, who lived and worked in Germany for twelve years before Hitler came into power, deserves the attention of those who, quite honestly, say to-day that we are fighting Hitlerism but have no quarrel with "the German people". It suggests that Hitlerism will not be efficiently destroyed unless Nazi Germany suffers total and unquestionable military defeat, or blows up from within when defeat is in sight. It suggests also—in full conformity with the story of the Weimar Republic, of German rearmament and of the rise of Hitlerism—that we shall need to be wary about accepting any sudden political transformation of Germany as evidence that we are dealing with "the German people", not with Prussian militarism more or less cleverly disguised. Nothing could be more destructive of all the purposes for which this war is being waged than *negotiation* or a patched-up peace with a Germany in which a Nazi moderate, like Goering, or a group of Generals had taken over power from Hitler. We shall betray the German people, ourselves and Europe unless we follow, to the end of the way and beyond it, a policy of *Thorough*.

What this policy should be is clearly indicated by the answer to the question why, 25 years and one month after the outbreak of war in 1914, we should again have to go through a second ordeal by battle. The answer may not be flattering to ourselves

or to our former allies and associates, but it must be taken to heart. Broadly, it is that we and they have preferred our own unlimited national sovereignties to the organization of peace ; and that if we and they wish to put an end to war we must abandon our unlimited national sovereignties in international affairs, and forswear neutrality.

It may be admitted, as an extenuating circumstance, that neither we nor others understood in 1914—1918 the essential postulates of any lasting peace. We said, and believed, that we were fighting “ a war to end war ”. Yet, unless I err, only one prominent Englishman and one equally prominent American thought out and stated, before the end of the War, the indispensable condition of securing peace. Both of them were great lawyers. The Englishman was the late Lord Parker of Waddington who declared in the House of Lords on March 19, 1918 :

The true line of development lies, not in regulating the hateful thing (war) but in bringing about conditions under which it becomes increasingly difficult and ultimately impossible, not in consulting the welfare or selfish interests of neutrals but in abolishing neutrality. Murders would increase if the murderer could count upon the neutrality of bystanders, and it is the same with war. The neutral, in fact, shirks his share of the burden of humanity.

The American was the late Mr. Elihu Root who, on August 16, 1918, laid down the doctrine that there could be no peace without “ a universal, formal and irrevocable acceptance and declaration of the view that an international breach of the peace is a matter which concerns every member of the community of nations—a matter in which every nation has a direct interest and to which every nation has a right to object ”. The change to this doctrine from the older doctrine that war between two States concerns those two States alone, Mr. Root affirmed, is “ really crucial ” because the change “ involves a limitation of sovereignty, making every sovereign State subject to the superior right of a community of sovereign States to have the peace preserved. The acceptance of any such principle would be fatal to the whole Prussian theory of the State and of government ”.

In the background of the present war lies a persistent refusal

on our part as well as on that of others to accept this "limitation of sovereignty". Out of the same background will come other wars unless and until that limitation be accepted and enforced all round. The right of a sovereign State to be neutral must disappear, for neutrality implies an affirmation of unlimited national sovereignty, and is derived from the conception that war is lawful, that war is, in the words of Clausewitz, "nothing but the continuation of policy by other means". If war were made, in practice as well as in theory, internationally unlawful like piracy or brigandage, it could not be the source of rights, neutral or other.

The League of Nations Covenant left open several loopholes for lawful war and for neutrality. Thus it stultified the unneutral provision in Article 16 of the Covenant. This Article says that if any member of the League should resort to war in disregard of its obligations under previous Articles "it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League". Countries against which an act of war has been committed cannot be neutral. This provision was intended to mean that in the League there would be no neutrals, that all its members would automatically make common cause against aggression. But when the United States failed to join the League, and became potentially neutral towards it, Great Britain made the first of a long series of shortsighted mistakes. Alleging fear of American neutrality, successive British Governments "hedged" upon their own obligations not to be neutral. Then Great Britain withdrew from the guarantee of French security against unprovoked aggression which she had given, jointly with the United States, in return for the abandonment by France of claims to hold German territory on the left bank of the Rhine. The result was that France, feeling she had paid in advance for a security she had not received, made the still worse blunder of occupying the Ruhr in 1923, and gave Hitler an opening which he was quick to seize.

In 1928 the United States made a serious, albeit an indirect, attempt to rid the world of the bogey of neutrality. This, as I have good reason to know, was the object of the so-called Briand-Kellogg Pact, or International Treaty in Renunciation

of War, which was signed at Paris on August 27, 1928. European statesmen would not believe that the deliberate intention of President Coolidge, whose Administration promoted that Treaty, was to make the United States unneutral towards the crime of war; and the only practical result of the Treaty was that Japan, Italy and Germany could successively dodge their "renunciation of war" by making war without declaring it. We declined to work with the United States when in 1932 Mr. Henry L. Stimson invoked the Briand-Kellogg Pact, as well as the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington, as a basis for opposing the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. In the case of Italy we began by mobilizing League resistance—and then compounded her felonious onslaught upon Abyssinia by the Hoare-Laval proposals and by making an Anglo-Italian agreement under which we recognized the King of Italy as "Emperor of Ethiopia". When Germany and Italy made war upon the lawful Government of Spain, a Government duly recognized by us and represented at the Court of St. James's, we first refused to sell it arms and munitions and then organized the ignominious comedy of the "Non-Intervention Committee"—with Italy and Germany as members of it!

This Rake's Progress led us—through our acquiescence in Hitler's rape of Austria, and through the Franco-British bullying of Czechoslovakia into submission to Hitler—into a predicament where further toleration of violent international crime became obviously perilous to ourselves. So, after the destruction of Czechoslovakia, we gave pledges to Poland, Roumania and Greece, and speedily transformed the pledge to Poland into a reciprocal alliance. Did our statesmen believe for one moment that this alliance would avail to deter Hitler? If so, they were the dupes of their own wishful thinking. If not, they must have understood that we should have to fight—though, to judge by their failure to declare war on Germany for more than 48 hours after the attack upon Poland had begun, and by their profession of readiness to overlook that attack if Hitler would withdraw his troops, they must still have hoped that a way out could be found by "negotiation". Even stranger was the behaviour of France; for the French ultimatum to Germany was

not delivered (with five hours to run) until after a state of war had been proclaimed between Great Britain and Germany.

These things, and the tendency (mitigated by rearmament) to compromise with recognized and admitted evil, formed the immediate background of the present war. But responsibility for its deeper background does not lie solely at the door of the various editions of our "National Government" since 1931. It is shared in some degree by all its predecessors since 1920. Not one of them would face the risk of upholding and implementing Article 16 of the League of Nations Covenant. It was the Labour Government which in 1924 rejected the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance for the provision of collective security, and it was the Conservative Government of 1925 which rejected outright the Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes instead of seeking to amend it. The late Sir (then Mr.) Austen Chamberlain read to the League Council a speech drafted by the late Lord Balfour in which collective security under the Geneva Protocol was denounced as an attempt to wage war "on the largest scale"! Meanwhile we closed our eyes to the secret rearmament of Germany. We refused even to publish the final report of the Inter-Allied Disarmament Control Commission in Berlin. We listened sympathetically to German protests against the alleged "war guilt" clause of the Versailles Treaty—though the clause contained only a declaration of German "responsibility" for damage done by German aggression. And despite the Locarno Settlement of October, 1925, which made us the ally of Germany against unprovoked French aggression, and equally the ally of France against unprovoked German aggression, we allowed our armaments to fall to a point at which we could not have been the effective ally of either. This we called "setting a good example". And when, at long last, we found ourselves compelled to rearm, we professed incredulity about the extent of German rearmament and pretended, in Mr. Stanley Baldwin's words, that "the democracies are always two years behind the Dictatorships".

This list of our shortcomings could be extended. Thanks to them, and after "Munich", "Prague" and the "Memelland", we are at war to-day "for Poland". If our Government

imagine that our people feel they are at war only for "Poland", and that peace can safely be made when German troops have been withdrawn from Polish soil, they seriously mistake the temper of this nation. They need to get it firmly in their minds that this nation means to-day to have done not only with "Hitlerism" but with predatory international violence of all kinds; that it is ready to go to lengths and to accept "sacrifices" which no British Government of the past imagined it would be capable of. This is why our people demand to-day that our war aims and peace aims should be set forth in such terms and such fashion that none can mistake them. I do not assert that the "common man" in Great Britain could state offhand what he thinks our war aims should be; but I am quite sure he would approve of the following general principles:

No recognition or toleration of any of the fruits of Hitlerite aggression. The watchword must be: "Back to the German frontiers of 1919!" This means that independence and the right of independent decision, must be restored to Austria; to Czechoslovakia within her pre-Munich borders; and, of course, to Poland with Danzig. The Memelland to be given an opportunity of choosing, without propaganda or pressure of any kind, its own allegiance.

The total disappearance of Hitler, with all the Nazi *personnel* and system, and the establishment in Germany of a Government based on a representative democratic system.

The formation, if possible during the war, of the beginnings of a federation or federal union between all the peoples allied or associated with the present enemies of Hitlerism.

After the conclusion of peace with a representative democratic Germany, the German people to be admitted to this federation, either as a political unit or as a sub-confederation of German States, when it has been ascertained that they have disarmed to the level requisite for the maintenance of internal order, and have set up institutions guaranteeing the personal freedom and individual rights of all Germans without distinction of race, class or creed.

Countries now neutral to be eligible for membership of this federation provided that their institutions correspond to the principles of the federation itself which must exclude future neutrality towards aggression in any shape or form.

No bartering or other concessions in respect of colonies. Colonial possessions eventually to be placed under a federal trusteeship for the welfare of their inhabitants, and in order to secure equality of access to raw materials for members of the federation, provision being made for the development of

present colonies, dependencies and protectorates into individual nationhood eligible for membership of the federation.

The League of Nations, its Covenant and its institutions to be reorganized and amended so that they may become instruments of intercourse between nations within the federation and those that may remain outside it, on condition that war be not only renounced by all League Members but that all undertake to treat it as a felony depriving those who engage in it of intercourse with civilized peoples.

With war aims conceived on these lines the free peoples of the earth would feel this war to be a struggle for the right of entry into a new and higher phase of human existence. Short of such aims, or of aims akin to them, this war would prove to be merely another episode in a series of attempts to decide whether men and peoples are worthy and capable of peace.

## THE WAR AND THE SMALL NATIONS

BY C. A. MACARTNEY

If, disregarding for the moment the position of any States outside the two protagonists in the present war, we regard the dispute between Germany and Poland only, the issue between them is in some respects comprehensible enough. Not that the question either of Danzig or of the "Corridor" is a simple one. On the contrary, there is on each side a whole medley of the most complicated claims and considerations, ethnographical, historical, claims of economic and strategic necessity, claims of prestige. It requires a real expert to understand all of these, and a man of such detachment and wisdom as does not, perhaps, exist upon this earth to appraise their relative weights.

But to anyone with even a smattering of the history of those parts, there is nothing incomprehensible and should be nothing daunting in the fact that such a conflict of claims exists. Most people in this century think of the "rights" and "wrongs" of a frontier dispute in terms of nationality. The political frontier should follow the national as closely as possible. Now, the ethnic border between German and Slav has never been either clear-cut or stable. Even if we disregard the doubtful period of pre-history, it is fairly certain that in the first century after Christ, Germanic peoples held not only the valley of the Vistula, but much of the great area lying south and south-east of it, in the present Hungary, Roumania and Ukraine. As a result of the invasions of the Huns and Avars—two nations which, for a wonder, are not complicating the present situation by unreasonable demands—the Germans began about the fourth century a long march which carried them far to the west, and Slav peoples took their places up to the line of the Elbe, and in much of the later Austria. About the ninth century the Germans began another slow advance, which ended

in their not only pushing their solid national front to a line approximating that of to-day (the Slavs being, for the most part, exterminated or assimilated) but also sending out isolated outposts far beyond that line : into East Prussia, into the Hanseatic cities of which Danzig was one, and many other places. What is now Central Poland contained, at one time, a large German population. These isolated settlements gradually weakened, in many cases disappeared, under a renewed Slavonic national revival in the Renaissance period, when Poland was a great State. It was left to Prussia after the Partition of Poland to endeavour (not always with success) to strengthen once more the German element in this disputed border-land.

Obviously, therefore, it must be a matter of the greatest difficulty to draw a "just" frontier between Germans and Poles even when both sides accept the ethnographical principle as the basis for "justice"; and when to this we add historical, economic and strategic claims on both sides it is small wonder the two parties should be—to use a legal phrase in a political sense—"in conflict as to their respective rights" even if both were agreed on an approximate definition of what constitutes a "right".

But the essence of the present dispute is that it does not turn solely round the question of what would constitute the fairest application of a principle admitted by both parties as just in itself. On the contrary, two principles are in conflict; and these appear to be absolutely irreconcilable. The real question is not within exactly what limits the Polish nation should enjoy its freedom and exercise its sovereignty, but whether it is to enjoy any freedom, in the true sense of the word, at all. On the German side, the problem is not only whether this or that disputable area shall join, or rejoin, the Reich; but whether much more far-reaching plans, of imperialistic nature, are to be realized. Put in terms of modern slogans, it is an issue between the principle of "national self-determination" and that of "Lebensraum". This fact gives it a character quite different from that of the innumerable post-war frontier bickerings, while approaching it very nearly to the wars of a previous epoch; it also gives it an importance deeper and more universal than any frontier dispute could pretend to. For the

appearance on the political field of the doctrine of "Lebensraum" means an attempt to reverse a process which had been regarded, almost universally, not only as historically inevitable, but also as "just" and desirable: the attainment by the various nations of Central and Eastern Europe of the maximum degree of political liberty.

The process had been delayed in Eastern Europe, long centuries after it had triumphed in the West, by successive invasions from Asia. The invaders—the latest of whom were the Mongols and the Turks—destroyed the incipient national states which stood in their paths, and founded huge, super-national empires. Those principalities or kingdoms which were not completely engulfed by the invaders' advance were forced to seek protection against them. The mutual alliances to which they usually resorted at first invariably broke down on the self-seeking or reachery of the partners and the forces of resistance, where they were able to crystallize at all, could do so only in a form somewhat similar to that of their opponents: in a super-national empire under single control. This was the origin of the Russian Empire—the defence against the Mongols—and the Austrian—the defence first against the Magyars (who began their European history as invaders, settled down and joined the Western community) and later against the Turks.

When the power of the invaders decayed, the various nations which they had held under their sway began to aspire towards national freedom. The struggle of this principle of "self-determination" to find satisfaction has determined the whole history of Eastern Europe for a full two centuries. The process has gone on, it must be admitted, very slowly, and that for a number of reasons. The resistance to be overcome, even in the case of the Ottoman Empire, was by no means inconsiderable, and was often reinforced by outside Powers who had reasons of their own for wishing the older state of things preserved. The different nations were at variance with one another over precisely the same sort of questions as constitute the problem of the Polish-German frontier (for exactly the same complications exist in the Danube basin, and in the Balkans).

But another, still more effective factor was at work to retard the formation of the national state in Eastern Europe. The

local nationalities were not the only candidates for the heritage of their former masters. Beyond their frontiers, the rulers of the old defensive Empires saw in the collapse of their ancient rivals a golden opportunity to extend their own dominions. The weakness, inexperience and mutual quarrels of the local nationalities gave these Empires their chance. Thus Russia, during the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, was able to secure for herself almost all the former dominions of her ancient conqueror, the Mongol Horde, with some of the heritage of the Turk ; and to go further still and by the Partition of Poland to wipe off the map the nearest approach to a real national state which Eastern Europe of the day could show. The rulers of Austria, from Charles VI to Francis Joseph, entertained precisely the same ambitions, only they were less successful in realizing them, mainly because the challenge of Russia prevented the Habsburgs from doing what the Romanovs were able to do, and creating in their Empires a solid national core, stronger than the various alien elements. Thus Austria remained a multi-national state, a second Turkey, doomed to the first Turkey's fate ; but maintained during the last half century largely by the grace of Bismarck, and out of his fear of Russia.

Thus up to the revolution of 1917, the collapse of the Mongols had brought national liberty only to one of the nations formerly under their rule—the Russian. All the others merely exchanged (not always to their advantage) the rule of the Khan for that of the Czar. Here imperialism defeated nationality at every encounter. In the Balkans, owing to the relative weakness of Austria, nationality, in a series of painful struggles lasting through the whole of the nineteenth century, succeeded in the main, in establishing itself ; but the Austrian Empire remained intact, and even expanded southwards as recently as 1908, when it annexed Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

And yet, even in Austria-Hungary, every observer felt that the national principle, despite its apparent lack of immediate success, was destined ultimately to triumph. For, opposed by dynastic interests, it was accepted and demanded by practically all the peoples concerned, not least by the most advanced and powerful among them, the Germans, who, no less than the smaller nationalities, had been prevented by the existence of

Austria from achieving their complete national unification. The Germans of the day, moreover, accepted the principle, not only for themselves, but for others also ; the Slav peoples, including the Poles, found no more inspiring examples, no more active sympathizers, than in the German Liberals of the beginning and middle of the 19th century.

Meanwhile, the successes of imperialism in Russia were more extensive than they were well consolidated. Although the numerical preponderance of the Great Russian stock gave the Russian Empire a certain solid core, there were already at the end of the nineteenth century signs of an incipient national struggle in Russia, particularly among the non-Russian peoples of its western fringe, which bade fair in time to equal that of Austria or Hungary.

Then came the war of 1914—1918 and with it the great triumph of the national principle. Not only did the Habsburg Monarchy disappear from the map, but the Russian Empire achieved its unique volte-face, shedding the most advanced nationalities on its Western border and transforming the rest of its huge area into a system in which, in theory and very largely, it appears, in practice, the multifarious nationalities enjoyed complete liberty and equality in strictly national, as apart from social or political, respects.

Germany at the end of the last war also accepted the principle of "national self-determination" upon which the area east of her frontiers was organized under the Treaty of Versailles and the minor Treaties. If she protested against the treaties, it was not because she rejected the principle on which they were based, but rather because she claimed that the principle had not, in fact, been impartially applied. And her complaints on this score were not without substance. Few people to-day will maintain that the allocation of territory between the various nationalities was carried out in a wholly equitable manner. Where two rival claims were advanced—and such cases were innumerable ; indeed, there is not one frontier in East Central Europe which was not disputed along part, if not all of its length—certain nations, the friends or allies of the victorious Powers, were often unduly favoured at the expense of the ex-enemies. Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria were all left with legitimate grievances,

even on the assumption that the national principle alone counted and that their historic rights could rightly be ignored. It was impossible to satisfy everybody ; but it would have been possible to distribute the dissatisfaction more evenly. And as the settlements were dictated ones, it is not to be wondered that the chief sufferers under them have taken every opportunity which presented itself to reverse them. In this, Germany naturally played the leading part, Hungary securing only a few scraps, while Bulgaria has hitherto come out empty-handed. And however repellent the methods adopted—and nothing could exceed the repulsive character of Germany's methods in Austria—it was still possible up to a few months ago for those in revolt against the Peace Settlement to claim that they were applying the very principles enunciated at the Peace Conference, and applying them in certain details more faithfully than the members of the Peace Conference themselves.

If the Germany of Ebert or Stresemann had produced, for negotiation, the proposals for a settlement in Danzig and the Corridor which, it appears, were *not* made to Poland, many people in England would certainly have regarded them as reasonable, at any rate as a basis of discussion. When, therefore, we say that two different principles are in conflict to-day, it is because these proposals must be taken in their setting : a setting consisting, in particular, of what has happened in Czechoslovakia but also, in less conspicuous fashion, of the demands which Germany has been making upon other States east of her frontiers the theoretical independence of which she has not—yet—questioned.

No one, up to this spring, had declared his respect for the principle of nationality more frequently or more stridently than the German Chancellor. Even since annexing Bohemia and Moravia, he has not yet wholly abandoned his lip-service to it. But his protestations had always to be taken in conjunction with his unconcealed doctrine that the supreme law, the only thing which really mattered, was the welfare of one nation, his own. And this fact differentiates his conception of the national question sharply from that of the Peace Conference, or, for that matter, of the earlier German Liberals. For with all its lapses, the Peace Conference did take its stand on the general principle

of national equality, and the League of Nations tried to make this effective. As President Wilson promised the utmost practicable satisfaction to "all well-defined national elements", so the League admitted all States which showed any prospect whatever of stability and survival, and even such small peoples as the Latvians, the Estonians or the Albanians were admitted as members of the world community; small in practical importance but equal to the greatest State in their enjoyment of full independence and sovereignty.

The new German doctrine, on the contrary, is based on the principle of national inequality.

Hitler, it is true, is justified when he claims that the Third Reich no longer seeks, as the Second Reich sought, to extend its frontiers and increase its population by the *simpliste* method of assimilating the non-Germanic peoples within its frontiers. To that extent he does in fact "respect the principle of nationality". But his new doctrine is in reality much more dangerous to the nations so unfortunate as to border on Germany, than the old imperial policy. Henceforward, it appears, the homes of these nations are to constitute Germany's "*Lebensraum*"—an area in which, for the present, the non-Germanic peoples would be allowed to exist, but their essential function is reduced to that of supplying Germany with raw materials and perhaps with labour for her factories and her cities. It is necessary to say "for the present", because there are in *Mein Kampf* certain passages, confusedly written but appallingly clear in their general trend, which show that Herr Hitler's ultimate ambition is the increase of the German population to a figure of 250 millions, and the acquisition for that population of an area sufficient for them to live, as Herr Hitler himself expresses it, "not squeezed together as factory coolies for the rest of the world, but as peasants and workers, who reciprocally assure each other's livelihood by what they produce". This area is certainly to be contiguous with that of the present Reich, forming a continuous whole from frontier to frontier. What, then, is to become of the present inhabitants—Poles, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Roumanians—all of these must indubitably be affected by this scheme? On this crucial point *Mein Kampf* is silent;

but its expansionist programme is not to be reconciled with the professions of respect which have since been made to each State individually, when it was desired to separate it from the rest. Only the recent decrees in the "Protectorate" of Bohemia-Moravia give some faint indication of the much more drastic methods the application of which we should have to expect if Germany were ever in a position to realize her programme. Since it is obvious that the German birthrate is not going to rise at the rate which Herr Hitler appears to hope and desire, we need not expect, even on the hypothesis of Germany's victory in the present war, an immediate and liberal fulfilment of the programme of *Mein Kampf*. But we must obviously reckon, in such an event, with Germany's organizing part, at least, of the area beyond her present Eastern frontiers as a sort of vassal, or more properly, helot area, whose peoples should constitute so many aphides for the swarming ant-heap of Germany. And immediately the question arises : what is the attitude of the U.S.S.R. to this prospect ?

An increase of German influence over the States now separating Germany from Russia cannot leave the U.S.S.R. indifferent ; still less any further extension of the *de facto* German military and political frontiers such as has been achieved in Slovakia. We do not know whether the Russo-German Pact contains any secret political clauses or not ; but it is hardly conceivable that Stalin should have allowed Hitler the "free hand" in this area which Germany has so persistently demanded from Britain and France. The danger with which this "free hand" would threaten the Western Powers is, after all, only an indirect one ; but one of the nationalities in the area now separating Russia from Germany is the Ukrainian, and for Russia to allow the Ukrainians of Poland, Hungary and Roumania to pass under German control would, in view of her own large Ukrainian population, and in view, especially of the plans so frankly expounded by the Rosenberg school in Germany, expose the territorial integrity of the U.S.S.R. itself to the gravest danger. It may be that the parties to the Pact have decided to partition outright the whole area which formerly separated them ; but failing such an agreement (successfully carried into effect) it seems certain that unless the States at present occupying that

area can maintain and affirm their real independence, they must, at best, lapse into the position in which the Balkan States stood before the War in relation to Austria-Hungary and Russia ; pawns and puppets of the intrigues of their powerful neighbours.

It was a devastating situation then, both for the small States themselves and for the peace of Europe. It will certainly be no better now. We shall have perpetual intrigue and counter-intrigue on the part of the two great Powers ; and perpetual unrest among the nationalities which have lost their freedom. For the temporary success of the imperialist principle does not mean that the force of nationalism has abated, any more than the Partition of Poland meant the end of Polish nationalism. On the contrary, nothing did more than the Partition to strengthen not only the national feeling of the Poles, but the cause of nationality in general, which would probably have been taken less seriously had not one of the subjugated nations been a people so numerous and with such great historic traditions as the Poles. The strength of nationalism is by no means on the wane. "Nationalism", writes Dr. Gooch, "denotes the resolve of a group of human beings to share their fortunes, and to exercise exclusive control over their own actions. Where such a determination exists, there should be a state, and there will be no abiding peace until there is a state". And Proudhon, in his otherwise rather silly book on the "Principe Fédérative", writes with perfect truth : "*Les nationalités, c'est toujours la révolution*".

But this must follow unless, as we said, the nationalities concerned manage themselves to affirm and maintain their own independence. The Peace Settlement of 1919 and 1920 suffered from two great weaknesses. On the one hand, it was undeniably too hard on Germany—less in the east than in the south-east ; but it did not allow the Germans the same measure of "self-determination" as it gladly accorded to the Slovaks or the Poles, and it thus made it inevitable that Germany should revolt against it when she recovered her strength. Its second weakness was much less easy to avoid, owing to the genuine impossibility, to which we have referred, of satisfying all claims, even those which seemed perfectly reasonable and legitimate in the eyes of those who advanced them. Nevertheless, it should

have been possible to leave no State in the position of feeling that it had nothing to lose by a German or a Russian advance. Probably there is no State which does feel so to-day ; but there are still elements in both Hungary and Bulgaria who feel that at least the risks involved in propagating a general conflagration would, from their own purely national point of view, be worth the taking.

The imminence of the German danger has, however, undoubtedly convinced all but the most extreme unrealists in these countries that the risks are very grave indeed, and the prospects of eventual reward problematic, while the beneficiaries of the Treaties must in their turn be coming to feel that, with outside aid so uncertain as it must be to most of them, reconciliation with their neighbours would be worth the comparatively modest price which they would be called upon to pay. From the point of view of all parties, therefore, it is more desirable (and consequently it should be easier) to take the course which can in the long run preserve their freedom : the course of union in defence of their common interests.

“ Union ” is a large word, and the position probably demands large scale action, although it is not easy to say exactly what form that ought to take. There are some cases to-day—that of Bulgaria and Roumania is one—in which two States are only held back from the real friendship which both desire by the existence of a frontier dispute over a single, comparatively small area. But most of the unsolved national problems of Eastern Europe are of a more complicated nature, and it is doubtful whether all of them can ever be solved on the basis adopted by the Peace Conference, which was that of taking the main nationalities and carving up Eastern Europe into sovereign states, one state to each nationality. The Minority Treaties which were supposed to qualify this principle were obviously ineffective ; and apart from them there was only one single case—that of the special obligations imposed on Czechoslovakia towards Carpatho-Ruthenia—in which the Treaties recognized any intermediate stage between full sovereignty and nothing. This solution has not proved satisfactory owing to the impossibility of reconciling the claims of the rival states ; and it is worth recalling that those thinkers

who studied most deeply the problem of nationality in the old Dual Monarchy (mostly Austrian Social Democrats) believed that the large, multinational unit of the Monarchy could be so organized as to give better protection and fuller satisfaction to the nationalities inhabiting it than could ever be achieved by dividing it into national states. The wisest of the Hungarian political thinkers—Baron Eötvös—was equally convinced that Hungary, in the interests of all its inhabitants, should be kept intact, but so organized as to give equal national freedom to all ; and generation after generation of Czech and German in Bohemia has made precisely the same plea for national equality within the (then) existing frontiers. Unfortunately, the ruling element was never prepared, in any of these states, to grant equality to the minority. Thus the solutions so widely preached have never once been attempted, and the resultant unity never achieved. It is, however, certain that if the peoples of Eastern Europe are prepared to put aside the narrow egotism which has ruined each of them in turn, again and again, the difficulties occasioned by the bewildering admixture of population can be circumvented by one method or another of federation, local or national autonomy, or even the queer system of “parity” between two or more intermingled nationalities which was practised with complete success, even in quite modern times, in certain outlying parts of Hungary. It would be in the interests of them all to attempt the task ; for none of them presents so great a danger to the liberty, even the national existence of the other, as their larger neighbours present to all alike.

## LIMITED OBJECTIVE STRATEGY

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

BEFORE Japan had laid her hands on Manchuria or Hitler's programme had attracted serious attention, I ventured to predict that the future would be marked by wars waged with limited objectives rather than by war *à outrance* between great Powers. On the one hand the peace Treaties had presented to dissatisfied nations a number of tempting objectives, and on the other the dread of renewal of war was especially strong in the satisfied peoples. Even had there been no Hitler it was easy to predict that a nation with the man power and resources of Germany would, sooner or later, seek to regain something at least of what she had lost. The general tendency, however, was still to think in terms of the Great War and to dwell on the possibility of Germany undertaking a war of revenge on France. That possibility, of course, existed and justified the measures France has taken to ensure her security. German minds too undoubtedly engaged on plans for the defeat of France by a lightning stroke. As French defences became increasingly stronger, however, the possibility of a lightning stroke succeeding diminished ; and it became evident that an attack on France would almost inevitably result in a long struggle which the limited economic resources of Germany could not face. Before there could be any question of challenging the position of France and of re-establishing Germany's position as the dominant military Power in Europe, it was necessary for her to enlarge the field of her resources and to eliminate those lesser powers which France had drawn into her defensive system. Only if Germany could create a degree of self-sufficiency which would make her largely independent of sea-borne supplies, could she with any confidence risk a prolonged struggle. A strategic technique devised with that aim became necessary. Germany's strategy was war with limited objectives.

Of that strategy Hitler became the arch exponent, though Japan in Manchuria and Italy in Abyssinia also in a sense employed it. Obsessed by the fear of a recurrence of total war the pacific nations, assembled at Geneva, hardly foresaw the processes by which the gambit could be exploited when played by gamblers ready to run great risks. Yet it may be admitted that circumstances provided Hitler with exceptional opportunities. The Abyssinian crisis created a diversion which enabled him to re-occupy the Rhineland and openly to press on with the rearmament, necessary before he attempted his first aggressive move against Austria. Moreover, the crisis detached Italy from the group of Powers who might have taken preventive action.

Having re-armed and having occupied the Rhineland, Hitler was then able to exploit the modern power of defence to further his *fait accompli* gambit. Rearmament gave him power to crush Austria rapidly even if she should resist, and the power of defence enabled him to consolidate his position. To evict him from the new territory he had acquired, or to undertake punitive action against him, would have entailed an immensely greater effort on the part of the pacific Powers than it cost him to secure his limited objective. That effort we know France, Britain and their associated smaller Powers were unwilling or unable to make.

The widely held view that the union of Austria with Germany represented the consummation of a justifiable ambition was a factor in Hitler's favour. On purely military grounds, however, the fact that the modern power of defence has placed a new weapon in the hands of an aggressor, especially one who aims at limited objectives, needs emphasizing. Much has been written on the increased power of defence due to modern weapons, especially by Captain Liddell Hart, who is so generally accepted by the public as a leading authority on strategy. No one, I think, denies the increased power of defence, but I hope I am not misreading Captain Liddell Hart if I suggest that he has dealt with the subject mainly from the standpoint of pacific nations concerned for their security. He would have us base our strategy and training on defensive action and defer offensive action till an enemy had exhausted himself in unsuccessful

attacks. I have failed to find that he has dealt with the problem which arises, when an aggressor selects a limited objective with discretion and relies on the power of the defence to protect him from interference.

We are only too familiar with the developments of Hitler's limited objective strategy in the Czecho-Slovak coups of last September and March. It need only be observed that each limited objective gained opened the way for the next coup by the encirclement of the new victim. The attack on Poland is obviously now a further development of the same "limited objective" strategical technique, and it is only because the democratic nations have been compelled to find an answer to the technique that we are now involved in a war to which no limits can yet be foreseen.

I said above that the limited objective strategy is a gambler's strategy, and it should be noted that each of Hitler's earlier coups was opposed by the German General Staff, who are not gamblers however much they are prepared to bet when the odds are greatly in their favour. But a gambler's success will often upset the balanced judgment of his friends and Hitler's successes have no doubt hypnotized his army leaders. Yet it is worth considering the grounds on which the German General Staff opposed Hitler's gambles, and what their military policy is likely to be in the circumstances that have arisen.

As a result of their experiences in the Great War I think it may be assumed that the German General Staff has a wholesome fear :—

(a) Of a war on two fronts which the Franco-Soviet pact might have entailed in its most dangerous form while there was a probability of Stalin remaining loyal to his engagements.

(b) Of the economic pressure exerted by British sea power.

(c) Of the breakdown of German morale behind the lines when subjected to economic pressure and to air attack.

For over 100 years, except for the temporary invasion of East Prussia by the Russians in 1914, all German wars have been fought in her enemies' territories. Now Germany has no immunity from air attack.

So long as there was a possibility of Russia coming to the assistance of Poland I doubt if Hitler's hypnotic power would

have induced his army to march even if Italy had been an active ally. The dropping of the Russian bomb, of course, drastically altered the situation and presumably allayed some of the fears of the German Staff and fortified their belief in Hitler's star. But it is Hitler's war, not, as in 1914, one based on General Staff plans.

Even now it would seem that Hitler clings to the idea that he can make it a limited war—that having secured Danzig, the Corridor and other former German or Austrian territory, he can present a *fait accompli* and induce the Allies to call off the war. If he had not that obsession it is hard to believe that he would have allowed French and British mobilization to proceed smoothly and without serious air attack. It is hardly likely that the whole strength of the German air arm was required on the Polish front; though no doubt there has been an immense concentration of force to achieve lightning results. Hitler's notes to France are consistent with Hitler's strategy, and the immediate initiation of submarine warfare is perhaps intended rather as a threat, than as a sign of his belief in the imminence of a long drawn struggle.

If, as we may confidently assume, the allies refuse to fall in with the Hitler conception, and insist on waging war till Hitlerism is abolished, what will be the reactions of the German General Staff when confronted with the probability of a long war waged with the hands of sea power on their throat?

Is it conceivable that the General Staff, having found that Hitler's judgment has at last proved false, throw off his spell and take charge? It is notorious that no love is lost between the General Staff and Hitler's entourage, and the Reichswehr alone has the power to eliminate it. If a military *coup d'état* took place it would no doubt receive the support of much suppressed dissatisfaction in Germany. The military leaders might then be in a position to negotiate terms provided they were prepared to withdraw the army from Poland. This may appear a wildly optimistic speculation but one may recall that after the battle of the Marne a considerable section of German military opinion, seeing that the original war plan had failed, favoured the immediate opening of peace negotiations. Assuming however, that Germany will now fight the war to the bitter

end, what are the alternatives open to her ; and what factors seem likely to influence her decisions ?

I suggest that her primary consideration must be to minimise the effects of the pressure of sea power. This may affect her further action in Poland. It can hardly be expected that Poland with munitions exhausted and with her main industrial regions over-run, will remain for long an active opponent. From purely military considerations Germany might shortly decide to consolidate the position she has won and employ minimum forces to shut in the remnants of the Polish armies in their eastern provinces. But for economic reasons it would seem necessary for the Germans to press eastwards till direct communication with Russia is established. Russia may, however, raise objections to such a course, which would entail the occupation of the former Russian territory by German troops. With the Baltic under German control Russia may insist that communication from the Gulf of Finland and through the neutral Baltic States should suffice. In any case as Polish resistance weakens, as it inevitably must, Germany will be able to withdraw large forces from the Polish front for employment elsewhere. Where will she employ them ? Standing inactive in the East, will she concentrate all her forces for an offensive against France ? To do so now that French mobilization is complete, and the stream of British reinforcement beginning to run, offers few prospects of success. It is hardly conceivable that an attack on France would be made without violating the neutrality of Belgium and probably also of Holland and Switzerland, entailing a certain diminution of non-warlike supplies which, so long as their neutrality is respected, might be drawn from those countries. Moreover, violent aggressive action against France if prolonged would rapidly exhaust reserves of war material difficult to replenish, even with the assistance of Russia. That Hitler and the German General Staff have shrunk from an attempt to over-run the Maginot defences is evident ; and to attempt it now, when France is fully prepared, would be a desperate gamble.

Under such conditions would Hitler, breaking yet another promise, and regardless of world opinion, resort to ruthless air warfare, in the hope of destroying the morale of the French and

British people? It is a possibility that must be faced; but, obviously, if Germany ever contemplated such a course, she has lost the best opportunity of taking it. Moreover, her own people, having been so largely misled by Hitler's assurance of a short war, would be the more vulnerable to reprisal. Speculations as to an offensive against France must take into account the possibility of Italy abandoning her attitude of neutrality. Intervention by Italy would entail increased dispersion of the French Army, but, on the other hand, as British reinforcements become available there should be no shortage of man power; and it is unlikely that the action that Italy might take in Africa would divert British troops intended for France.

It is difficult to see how Italy would gain by active intervention and benevolent neutrality would probably suit Germany better, as an antidote to the pressure of blockade. Similarly, if Roumania were terrorised into supplying German needs, either from her own resources or by permitting the passage of supplies from Russia, Germany's economic position would be strengthened.

These considerations suggest another alternative open to Germany—that she should, having secured her objectives in Poland, fight a definitely defensive war. The Allies are bound to take offensive action against her, but their possible front of attack is very limited and it is well organized for defence. Such a course postulates a prolonged struggle but Hitler might hope to wear down the determination of his adversaries before the morale of the German people collapsed under the economic and moral strain. By exerting pressure on his neutral South-Eastern neighbours he might hope, for practical purposes, to enlarge his "living room" and self-sufficiency without the actual use of force.

It is an alternative which was open to Ludendorff at the beginning of 1918 before he decided to risk everything on a decisive March offensive. There are, of course, factors which make the analogy incomplete. Then Germany was in a more advanced stage of economic exhaustion. Then America was in the war and the chance of gaining a decisive victory over the exhausted Allies before the threat of active American intervention could mature appealed to Ludendorff's mentality.

That he under-estimated the danger from America and the residual strength and determination of the Allies we know. We know too how his partial successes only accelerated American intervention and increased the magnitude of his final defeat. Now the armies on both sides are still fresh and the chance of military collapse of either is not within measurable distance. A defensive German policy would resolve itself into a struggle in which morale of the peoples and economic conditions would affect the final issue rather than purely military operations. Economic conditions are certainly all in favour of the Allies unless submarine warfare proved more difficult to control than is anticipated, and unless the resources of Russia and the Danube nations compensated Germany for the loss of overseas supplies. The morale of the Allies also stands higher, but Hitler might reckon on testing it by ruthless air action.

It is, of course, pure speculation as to which of the alternatives I have suggested and discussed Hitler might adopt. There may be other alternatives, or combination of alternatives. For the eventual attitude of Russia, Italy and other Powers great and small, at present neutral, cannot be foreseen. It would seem, however, that a defensive policy in the west, if uncharacteristic of German military traditions, would be the most logical continuation of Hitler's limited objective policy and be consistent with his belief in his ability to carry through a war of nerves.

What are the courses open to the Allies? The control of sea communications is the ace of trumps in their hand. But to give it full value Germany must be forced to exhaust her resources. To empty an overflowing bath you turn off the tap—that is the function of the Navy in respect to the tap it can reach. The other tap, which it cannot reach—namely the internal resources and productive establishments of Germany—can be partially closed by air action. It is, however, the Army assisted by the air forces which opens the exhaust pipe by forcing Germany to expend her resources.

I can only express personal views in broad terms, but if Germany attempts offensive action against France the problem is simplified. She would be met by an active defence, and counter-attack as the situation developed. Should she on the

ther hand, as I have suggested is conceivable, adopt a defensive attitude there can be no alternative but to attack her.

In the Great War, while Germany stood on the defensive in the west, the Allies made desperate attempts to break through her defensive lines. It was only when those attempts failed that we fell back on a policy of attrition. Yet the policy of attrition was frequently marred by confusing attempts to gain, often unimportant, physical objectives on the ground with the real object, which was to make the enemy exhaust his man power and resources in defence. It was not till the final stages of the war were reached that Foch and Haig abandoned attempts to effect a sensational break-through and adopted a true policy of attrition by successive blows, each stopped when they had expended their energy on any particular part of the front. It will be remembered for instance that, on Haig's advice, Foch agreed to break off, for the time being, the 8th August Amiens offensive, when it had expended its dynamic energy, and to open fresh attack elsewhere. From that date I suggest a true policy of attrition was followed. If then we have again to attack Germany on the defensive I cannot believe that we shall see a repetition of attempts to make a gap, this time in the new Siegfried line. I see rather attacks carried out with circumspection and carefully controlled to limited objectives. That is to say attacks with the object of attrition. The enemy must be made to fight hard and to exhaust his resources—material, perhaps, even more than human.

Our experiences of a war of attrition may make us dread the term; but a war of attrition, adopted as an alternative after failure to break through and carried out without clear understanding of its meaning, is different from a war of attrition deliberately adopted as a military policy, carried out with circumspection by armies which have practically unlimited material resources.

One thing evident is that we cannot carry on this war on a limited liability basis or with a purely defensive strategy. If the enemy does not attack we are bound to attack him. Nor is the war likely to afford opportunities of employing what is sometimes called—mistakenly I think—our traditional national strategy, *i.e.*, the use of our control of sea communications

to employ our land forces in operations against enemy outlying interests. Our control of sea communications does, however, enable us to employ our land forces and offensive air arm where they are required, which in this instance must be the main theatre of war.

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The German initial successes in Poland were inevitable. Poland, west of a line drawn roughly north and south through Warsaw, forms an immense salient. Round it, fully mobilized and deployed, were the German armies, ready to march at Hitler's word. Superior numerically and immensely superior in armament, their advance could at the best only be delayed.

On the western front so far, the French advance is merely a preliminary approach to the main Siegfried position, which is evidently covered by an elaborate outpost zone. *The Times*, in its issues of September 8 and 9, published two very interesting articles by a military correspondent describing the Siegfried position, and German doctrines on defensive tactics. They are well worth keeping for reference as the situation develops on the extraordinarily narrow front—only some 120 kilometres so long as neutral territory is respected—of the western theatre.

*The map on the opposite page shows the position of the German forces two days before Russia invaded Poland in the East.*

# THE WAR IN POLAND

Line of German advance  
September 15<sup>th</sup> marked  
thus - - -

BALTIC SEA



NEUTRAL COUNTRIES  
SHADeD THUS

Scale: - 72 miles = 1 inch

0 10 20 30 40 50 100

JTM.

## WAR IN THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE opening moves in Hitler's War have already shown, somewhat to the surprise of prophets, that operations in the air can be as varied as on the ground. On the Eastern Front ruthlessness, as familiarly featured both in Spain and China, has marked the activities of the Nazi Air Force. On the Western Front, with the exception, up to the time of writing, of the Royal Air Force attacks on the Kiel Canal, Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven, it has been a game of hesitations or, better still, a situation as of that between two urchins who repeatedly request each other to 'hit me first'.

The successes of the Nazi Air Force over Poland are readily understandable. To begin with it had a large preponderance of air power, in all probability outnumbering the air force of its adversary by as much as eight to one. The inevitable consequence of this has been a rapid seizure of the mastery of the air with a resultant ability to spread activities over a nation-wide area for the purposes of terrorizing the populace, of destroying military objectives far away from troops or of assisting the advance. From the very first moment aerodromes were raided in order to place as many Polish aircraft as possible 'hors de combat', and concurrently with this Warsaw, the capital, was attacked by means of explosive and incendiary bombs. No exception can be taken to either method of conducting an offensive from the air and neither can it as yet be claimed, on indisputable authority, that the civilian populace has been wantonly selected for attack. As a surprise stroke a bomber attack on aerodromes is an effective way of clipping an opponent's wings, and it is the avowed policy of the Royal Air Force to do the same. A capital is also a legitimate objective for where, if not at the seat of government, housing as it always must so much of resistant value besides, can an effort to paralyse

the national will to war be better placed ? The same, in lesser degree, can be said of nearly every target for a bomb. A small town may be situated at a railway junction ; a village may be built around a river bridge ; a road may be effectively blocked by the demolition of substantial buildings at the wayside ; even a farm may be known to contain supplies. All such are lawful targets for a bomb and if, in the process of attacking them, civilian life is lost then the demoralization that ensues merely adds fuller measure to a successful enterprise. These are hard words but they cannot be gainsaid, for air warfare is less kid-gloved than fighting on the ground and '*vae victis*' in such a connotation means woe to him who has lost the mastery of the air. It is time also for people to become aware that, except at low altitude or in the undisturbed atmosphere of peace practice bombs cannot be launched with accuracy. Even an artillery bombardment at long or medium range is spread about an area. How much more, then, must this be the case when the platform is itself in flight at a speed of 240 m.p.h., its crew is very likely being harassed from the ground, and the bomb must be released at a distance of two or three miles from the target, dependant on the aircraft's height. Bombing under such conditions becomes an operation against an area, the extent of which is necessarily widened when it takes place at night.

Another feature of this one-sided struggle in the air is this. As territory is overrun so must aerodromes be abandoned, with a probable loss of considerable material in the shape of aircraft in an unserviceable condition, of stores and ground equipment. That which is saved is removed to other aerodromes, or improvised landing fields, further from the zone of immediate danger, which becoming congested, work with increasing inefficiency, and offer to an enemy a brilliant prospect in repayment for a visit. In this respect Poland is singularly unfortunate owing to the political uncertainty under which she laboured of knowing whether her enemy would eventually come from east or west. With no settled policy a sound strategy was for her a sheer impossibility and her military aerodromes, in consequence, were placed with very little reference to their tactical security. Her air power has in fact suffered from every conceivable form of handicap. In addition

to the above her industry could not support a large manufacturing capacity ; her adversary possessed an overwhelming superiority ; his air force personnel had been trained in the Spanish school of war ; and, last, but not least, he could afford the risk of serious losses so easily to be repaired from an unlimited home resource.

Have the efforts of the Polish Air Force been, then, entirely unavailing ? They have, of course, co-operated with their armies, and we hear of aerial combats which have had a successful termination. But in the main it has been a sacrifice, and such must always be the case in the face of large superiority. In one way, however, it can be claimed that Polish air power, though slight, has made a contribution to the common cause. It has extended the German air machine. The Nazi Air Force has been putting in a lot of hours in the air and this, in the natural course of events, must have grounded many of its aircraft for the time being. There will have been losses inseparable from landing back after a strenuous flight, with equivalent damage to the equipment. Some of the nervous tissue of the flying personnel will by now be showing signs of wear. All this is to the good as a process of attrition which must have a cumulative effect, and evince itself when the air battle is really joined above the Western Front. It was obvious from the first that Poland would be hard put to it, for the Germans up-to-date have not been fighting on two fronts, but on one, and if they turn westward, though flushed with victory, their edge for fighting may not be as sharp in consequence of their experience at the hands of the enemy they have overborne. Finally, both in air combat and in fire from the ground, the Nazi Air Force has been put to loss, and a modern aircraft, in these days of elaborate construction and complexity, can be rendered unserviceable by enemy action without necessarily being brought out of the sky.

Turning now to the western theatre of operations the opening phase of air hostilities presents the strongest contrast. There was the Brunsbüttel affair to be sure, but that, although performed by a unit of the Royal Air Force, partakes of a naval character somewhat on the lines of Zeebrugge. In the Rhineland where the French Army is playing a game of military push-ball

against the Siegfried side, air operations have been at first of a minor nature in close co-operation with ground forces. The Royal Air Force, on the other hand, selected a psychological point of attack and, by means of night flying at high altitude, with the whole of Western Germany as its target, conducted a propagandist campaign with leaflet ammunition. This, no doubt, was a well thought out offensive presuming that the German populace is peculiarly susceptible to propaganda, and that Himmler's internal front is easily to be breached. But it did nothing to assist the Poles in their emergency by withdrawing Nazi aircraft from the East, and thereby lessening the bomber pressure against their interior towns and cities. It must have been small satisfaction to a retreating Polish army to learn that in reprisal for the partial destruction of many habitations Britain, the ally on whom their hopes were set, was bombing Germany with leaflets. The harvest of that campaign, if successful, will ultimately be reaped in the way that dripping water wears away a stone, but as a military diversion in the critical first stages of a brutal war it simply does not count.

A curious unreality pervaded at the first the atmosphere in the West. There was a mutual hesitancy to unleash air power which would appear, at first sight, to have operated to the advantage of the enemy. The response to Roosevelt's plea for humane air warfare by the nations so addressed acted undoubtedly as a brake, for in all the replies to that Presidential message it was clearly stated that the request would be observed conditionally on each opponent complying with its terms. Germany could place a full reliance on the Allies in this connection, for they have a moral reputation to keep up before the world at large, the preservation of which will mean to them a lot. Hitler, on the other hand, has not a thread of reputation left and, flouting world opinion, will laugh his word to scorn whenever it suits his book. That book will be suited with the military collapse of Poland, with Nazi forces of occupation ruthlessly suppressing the Polish people and the whole remainder of the vast machine of war, with special emphasis on air power, applied against France and Britain in the West. It is little likely, apart from the known fact that Hitler cynically glories in a broken promise, that the man who countenanced the sinking

of the *Athenia* will hesitate to tear up his solemn undertaking to the President of the United States.

In the above way, therefore, our own engagement to observe the decencies of air warfare may come back on our heads. In any case such undertakings concerning war are sheerly incapable of fulfilment. There will always be an incident, on one side or the other, which can be magnified until it becomes a definite breach of the engagement, and that one incident will release antagonisms which will reproduce in the air, in widespread fashion, such forms of conduct as the wanton destruction of human life at sea. The Royal Air Force bomb which accidentally fell on the Danish town of Esbjerg, in connection with the Kiel Canal attack, is a case in point. Had it been a German town in Schleswig-Holstein it could have been made at once to appear as the air bombardment of a non-military objective, following which, dependant on the suiting of the Nazi book, the fat would have been in the fire. Morally we have robbed ourselves of the air initiative by holding back from repeated bombing of many German places which, though mainly of a civilian character in peace, possess immense military significance in war. Leaflet dropping will have an undermining influence in the days to come, but determined pressure from the air at the commencement of hostilities might have stirred the Germans more to anger against their rulers, thus fulfilling a similar purpose, and would have been of direct assistance to the Poles.

Is it safe to prophesy the immediate future in the air? A war which has opened with such unexpected moves above is dangerous ground for prophecy, but yet a certain measure of prediction is justified by the opening situation in the West. As long as the forward play in the tussle between Maginot versus Siegfried remains on fairly level terms, without a decided break through by either side, then it is unlikely that indiscriminate bombing will be an early feature of the war. The reason is not far to seek. If, for instance, the Germans should break through and convert their operations into a successful war of movement then the French will naturally be given much reason to regret that they sprayed their bombs far outside the rayon of the ground hostilities. The same applies to the reverse situation.

Bombing, in such a case, will have a boomerang effect and involve a risk that is not worth the running. But once either line is well and truly breached, allowing motorized divisions to pour through, there will be no limit to depredations by air, for it is manifestly desirable, as already seen in Poland, to play upon the moral, as well as the material, front, and a stricken populace is both a liability to its country and an asset to the invader. The Rugby player who has got the ball is apt to go all out and brush opposition aside, staking every ounce of energy on his prospect of success. So also does a Commander-in-Chief, who would quickly be replaced if found wanting in a neglect of opportunity on humanitarian grounds.

Infringement of air neutrality is an interesting point. The Royal Air Force has already clashed with Belgian pilots for having unwittingly flown over Belgium, and German aircraft have trespassed in the air of Holland several times. So far these infringements are due to navigational errors, and the ensuing expressions of regret have been graciously received. But a time may come when it will be expedient for Germany to use the direct route, shorter by 60 miles, from her frontier with Holland or Belgium to south-east England. We ourselves would not willingly follow suit, for the good opinion of neutrals will always be our mainstay. In weather unfavourable for detection or attack there would be little risk in the course of a swift flight over Belgium at a ceiling height, about 40 minutes being requisite for such an undertaking. Alternatively Nazi bombers hard beset, and knowing that their normal homeward path is blocked, would not hesitate to fly back the same way, trusting that their pursuers would break off at the coast. It may happen, indeed, that air battles so arising will be staged over Holland and Belgium by night with those two neutrals pounding away at both contestants from the ground and having a glorious time in the surety of immunity for themselves. Protests will follow and, when possible, air action will be taken by both neutrals, but it is unlikely in the extreme that more active measures will be taken. It is hard to imagine either Holland or Belgium plunging into a devastating war for the mere reason that their air neutrality is being constantly infringed, and Germany will be almost sure to take a full advantage of the fact.

The nature of the full-dress air attacks on England may be disclosed ere this article appears in print. Our good defences will at all times take a severe toll of raiders and a high percentage of loss will soon restrain the enterprise. Meanwhile, however, some hostile aircraft will inevitably get through. It is encouraging to reflect that the small Polish Air Force has inflicted considerable loss already on the air power of Germany, as also that both the Nazi pilots and the populace at large can no longer pride themselves on the machine for machine superiority of their aircraft and crews. This is one among many salutary lessons which will sink home in Germany as the war proceeds, and as the people slowly discover that they have been deluded by the specious promise of a lightning war and then an everlasting German peace.

It comes to this. In the air, as with the forces on the ground, the German war machine has been constructed with all the faults and weaknesses of a mass production method. Ours, on the other hand, and that of France, have been built for durability. There can be no question about the allied superior resource or war potential, and those considerations combine to spell the one word victory.

## NAVAL STRATEGY

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IT is as yet early to write anything, except in very general terms, about the naval strategy of the war that is now in its beginnings. To attempt in any way to outline forthcoming events would be rash, to speculate upon the distribution of force and the measures that will be employed would be impolitic. Still, there are certain general principles concerning the use of naval force that may be broadly outlined, familiar though they must be to all who have made a study of war.

That every war is different from its predecessors is a commonplace statement. It is peculiarly applicable to the war in which this country and its allies are now engaged. In the present grouping of the Powers at war, with Germany as the sole enemy, the problem differs from that which has confronted Britain at the beginning of the great wars of the past including the last. In all those contests, whether the enemy of Britain were the United Provinces, France, or alliances of France, Spain and Holland, those enemies possessed fleets of powerful ships capable of contending with great Britain for what is called "the command of the sea". If the massed fleet of Britain could have been mastered and reduced to impotence the sea would have been open for an invasion, unchecked, of the country, the approaches to the Kingdom through which its trade must pass to reach its ports would have been sealed, and the defeat of the Kingdom would have followed as a matter of course. So long, too, as the fleet lay between the territories of her allies and those of the enemy, the armies of the enemy could not pass by sea into the allied countries, nor be supported and maintained by sea ; while allied troops could move by sea.

Hence the first task of the British Navy in those wars was to oppose any movement of the concentrated fleet or fleets of the enemy, and for this purpose the main British fleet took up a

station from which it could intercept any movement of the main body of the enemy whether designed to protect the transport of troops into the United Kingdom, its overseas possessions, or the territories of its allies, or to fall upon the bodies of shipping carrying the trade. In other words, it took up a position on interior lines. So the main military object of the fleet was to disable, destroy or immobilize the main forces of the enemy.

At the same time the Navy had the function of defending the trade against those forces which the enemy simultaneously sent out to destroy the shipping. These forces were normally composed of lesser vessels, not fit for the line of battle, frigates or privateers of all sizes in the more remote past, cruisers and armed merchant vessels and submarines in the more recent war. Until all hopes and expectations had passed of defeating the main fleet, or of reducing it by attrition to a strength which gave promise of a victory, the commerce destroying vessels were confined, with but few exceptions, to these lesser classes. But when, either through defeat in battle or loss of efficiency through confinement to port or lack of naval stores to maintain the ships in an efficient condition, the hopes of obtaining this "command of the sea" were abandoned, trade attack assumed a new and more formidable form. Besides the smaller vessels, squadrons of heavy ships, released from the main fleet where they could no longer serve a purpose, were sent out to attack the convoys of merchants. The task which then confronted the naval administration was to provide adequate strength and powerful ships to accompany each convoy within those zones in which it could be calculated that the convoys were in danger from the stronger form of attack: and not unusually this proved difficult and heavy losses resulted. This was the form of "*guerre-de-courre*" which first took a formidable shape under the influence of the French administrator Vauban—better known for his great skill in the construction of fortifications—after the battle of La Hogue in 1692, which was renewed after the battle of Malaga in 1704 when the French abandoned the struggle for command; was readopted after the failure of the attempt at a surprise invasion in 1744; and was pursued with energy and skill after Trafalgar. In each case the losses to

British shipping were heavy ; but in each case the danger was mastered. It was this theory, revived towards the latter part of the last century, that this was the most effective form of war against Great Britain that led, first Russia and latter France, to construct the large armoured cruiser for the purpose of independent action, unsupported by battleships, against trade : which in turn led to the building by Great Britain of great numbers of armoured cruisers in reply.

While it was possible, provided base facilities in suitable positions were available, for the large enemy fleets to be kept under sufficiently close observation to prevent them from undertaking any considerable operation without the risk of being brought to battle, it never has been possible to prevent the exit of smaller bodies either from the main ports of the enemy or from the numerous lesser ports which serve as subsidiary bases. Small squadrons and single ships could not be blockaded in harbour. Wind and weather, fogs, dark nights and the injuries consequent on the hard service made opportunities for escape. Hence, since such forces could not be stopped at the places of their departure, they must be met at the place where their blows would fall ; that is, alongside the trade which was the object of attack. Trade was therefore assembled in convoys, each of which was given the protection of fighting ships ; and the strength and constitution of these escorts was based upon the probability of the strength and constitution of the attacking forces.

In the present war we begin where our ancestors found themselves after those years of war during which the struggle for "command" had been in progress : we begin with an intensive "*guerre-de-courre*" into which all the naval strength of the enemy will be thrown. For Germany, to-day, has too few heavy ships of a type capable of contesting the command or of challenging any large force of the allied fleets. So, before the declaration of war she had sent out her submarines to take up positions on the trade routes and at once attacked shipping. The sinking of the *Athenia*, without warning (in deliberate violation of the treaty signed by Germany under no duress) was the first act in this campaign. Some later attacks, in which ships have been summoned to heave to, and the crew given an

opportunity to take to their boats, suggest that either the officer exceeded his instructions, or—which seems more probable—that orders to sink at sight have been, for the time, rescinded in consequence of the attitude of the United States. The submarine would then be acting as the raiding cruisers did in the last war : while she is at disadvantage as regards speed, for a fast ship may outpace her and escape, she has the advantage over a cruiser that she is able to disappear even if sighted.

Plainly, the German effort will not be confined to submarines and it is worth while to see how a German officer of standing regards the prospect of attack. Writing in the "*Militär Wochensblatt*" last year Vice-Admiral Meurer expressed the view that if the limitations upon submarine action, accepted by Germany, were adhered to—a course he appeared to doubt and deprecate—the submarine would lose her effectiveness. In a somewhat naïve manner he remarked that as the British Admiralty was making preparations for general convoy, it could not be for protection against submarines, whose teeth were drawn by the treaty, but must be to meet surface attack. It does not appear to have occurred to the gentleman that the British might have their doubts as to Germany keeping her word. He proceeded then to discuss the problem of defence against surface attack. Powerful surface ships can extend their operations far out into the ocean. To meet their attack equally powerful escorts would have to be employed. The weak older cruisers or armed merchant auxiliaries which sufficed to meet the armed raiders like the *Möwe* and the *Wolf* of the last war would be useless, and he pointed out that many British cruisers are scattered about the world on their foreign stations, while others are needed to work with the main fleet. The total British strength of cruisers he put at fifteen of the "heavy" type with 8in. guns and sixty odd of the smaller size.

"Against heavy cruisers with 8in. guns, and even less against armoured ships of the *Deutschland*\* type such escort cruisers (as the 8,000 ton type which were reported to be under construction) would indeed not be of any great avail : if such dangers were to be faced older battleships, as was the case on the

\*The so-called "pocket battleships" of 10,000 tons, armed with six 11in. and eight 5·9 guns, lightly armoured have a speed of twenty-six knots.

Norwegian convoys in 1918, would be needed. . . . The less  
one would have to reckon in future with the clash of large battle  
screws as at Jutland, the more trade warfare is going to become  
the main task in naval war."

What, then, are the forces of which Germany disposes for a  
surface attack such as Admiral Meurer contemplates? She  
has two battle cruisers, as we already know, of 26,000 tons,  
suitably armed with 11in. guns and with a speed, probably, of  
twenty-seven knots. She has also three heavy armoured  
cruisers of 10,000 tons, the so-called "pocket battleships", two  
unarmoured cruisers of 10,000 tons armed with 8in. guns, six  
"light" cruisers of 6,000 tons with 6in. guns: and on a lower  
scale ten large destroyers of 1,600-1,800 tons—vessels which  
in reality are light-cruisers capable of acting in more confined  
ranges and several lesser destroyers—possibly from 12-20, of  
about 800 tons. Other vessels are under construction and will  
join the fleet at intervals. There will be two battleships of  
35,000 tons, possibly a year hence, unless their construction is  
delayed; three more of the 8in. type and four more of the 6in.  
type of cruiser, and an indefinite and unpredictable number of  
the flotilla craft.

There is thus material for a great variety of combination and  
distribution. To attempt any forecast of what dispositions will  
be made would be idle. The outstanding fact is that the oceanic  
convoys will need oceanic protection in strength adequate to  
meet any attack that may be made. Mr. Winston Churchill,  
speaking in March, 1939\*, in criticizing the intention to scrap  
the older battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class in accordance  
with the existing treaties, observed that under that most  
unfortunately conceived Treaty of London we had been prevented  
from building any 8in. gun cruisers while "Germany will have  
at an early date five 8in. gun ships which will be definitely  
superior in speed, armour and gun power compared to any  
vessel in our fleet except our battle cruisers and battleship-  
cruisers": and he strongly urged the retention of those five  
ships as "the very ships which would be the surest escorts of  
your ocean convoys" and "the ideal vessels to bring in a three-  
monthly convoy of sixty, seventy, or eighty vessels from

\*Hansard, 16th March, 1939, p. 680.

Australia or the Cape or from South America quite safely across the ocean until they came into the regions where other escorts would be needed to deal with the submarine". Those ships have not been scrapped.

While we recognize the difficulties of protecting trade against the combined effort of heavy ships on the distant oceans, lighter vessels in the waters nearest home, and submarines both abroad and on the home waters, the difficulties of the enemy in conducting the oceanic operations must not be lost sight of. Ships need fuel. Germany possesses no bases overseas where she can re-fuel, victual or repair her ships. This disability was expressed by several German writers during the course of the last war. Thus Admiral Koester, of the German Navy League, wrote "our enemy possessed ample bases everywhere, our fleet abroad had absolutely none and consequently was without any assurance of being able to replenish supplies of ammunition, coal and provisions". If the reason for the demand for the return of the German colonies is sought, it is not to be found in their economic value, still less in their providing space for an over-crowded population, but for the possession of oversea bases for the fleet.

"Of all the colonies", wrote the same officer, "those in West and East Africa are the most important and from the military point of view the easiest to defend. In order effectively to protect them and our world commerce we shall require a cruiser fleet which is able to depend upon a few strong land bases, supplemented by floating bases in the form of supply ships of similar speed and sea-worthiness to the cruisers". The same point was urged by Admiral Hoffman. "The support of the German sea must be secured by establishing colonial naval bases capable of defence." The chapters dealing with the colonial actions in Mr. Lloyd George's volume on the Peace Treaties confirmed to the full the importance attached to the colonies and in consequence of the needs of bases for the cruiser forces which, operating from them in West Africa would harass the trade in the South Atlantic and from those in East Africa the Indian and Australian trade.

Thus, in order to remain long on the trade routes, ships operating from the Home ports must be ensured of receiving fuel. The writer, previously mentioned, visualized that they

ould be accompanied by fast supply ships : alternatively, arrangements may be made for supply ships to join them from neutral ports, while a third source lies in capture of tankers. Thus, it was by her captures of colliers in the Indian Ocean that the *Emden* was able to keep the sea. Protection to the oil carrying fleet has thus a double importance. Oil, in ample quantities, is an essential for all three of our own fighting forces : colliers falling into the hands of the enemy are a means whereby our efforts are made more effective.

One feature tends to repeat itself in defence by convoy. Convoy is forced upon shipping by attacks from the lesser type of vessel. If the escorts prove strong enough to repel the attack, the attacking forces are strengthened, followed by a corresponding increase in the defence. So, in the North Sea convoys of the last war, the initial protection was needed against submarines, and a small escort of torpedo boats or destroyers was allotted. In reply, stronger forces of German U-boat craft came into the North Sea and caused some losses, followed, when the escorts had been strengthened, by a cruiser attack : and as it became probable that this would be succeeded by forces of the greater ships of the High Seas Fleet, the escorts eventually consisted of squadrons of battleships, cruisers and U-boats. It was against this that, in April, 1918, the German High Command planned an attack by the whole high seas fleet upon the detachment ; an attack which miscarried. Whether there will be this gradualness in the campaign at sea or whether an immediate use will be made of the heavier gunned ships cannot be foreseen with any certainty : but the situation is so familiar that we may be assured that the steps necessary in either case form an integral part of the convoy system which is coming into operation.

The preceding remarks apply to one side of naval strategy alone—the defensive. Security on the outer communications is an essential condition to success but it is not the whole of war. Pressure has to be brought upon the enemy and this can only be done by means of the offensive. The offensive element in naval strategy is of two natures. The Army, in order to reach those theatres where their employment is needed must cross the sea. At present, so far as one can see, that theatre lies in France :

but if changes in the international situation should arise other theatres might call for service in defence of the territories of ourselves or our allies—a situation which has frequently arisen in the past from Queen Anne's wars, when the enemy had to be prevented from moving troops and their supplies to Spain or Naples, to the last War with its operations in Egypt, Turkey and Salonika. Thus, over and above those ships needed for the protection of commerce others may be called upon to perform these services.

The second form of offensive is that of isolating the enemy from external supplies. In certain circumstances this is effected by blockade, and the situation of Germany by sea in the last war is commonly spoken of as the "blockade of Germany". It was not, however, by what, in international law, is known as a blockade that the isolation was effected, for no juridical blockade was proclaimed, except in some localities such as the Macedonia coast and East Africa. Goods which contributed to the German war effort, which enabled her to continue to resist the armies of the allies, were made contraband, and lists of such goods were issued and amended from time to time. With the experience of that war a contraband list of goods has been published. It is the function of the Navy to ensure that cargoes containing such goods do not reach Germany either directly, via her own ports, or indirectly, via those of neutral States. The naval dispositions must therefore be such as will oblige all vessels to submit to examination at certain defined ports. There, as recently announced, are Weymouth, the Downs and Kirkwall in these islands, and Gibraltar and Haifa in the Mediterranean. Ships calling at these ports voluntarily for examination will, if they carry no contraband, be given passes to facilitate these voyages. The naval dispositions for this purpose include vessels, not necessarily of great strength but of sufficient force to compel the obedience of a merchant ship : and vessels of greater force to protect the patrol against attack of stronger bodies. Thus, while more armed steamers sufficed in the Straits of Dover to act the policeman, flotilla of destroyers were necessary to protect these patrols against attacks in force from the Flemish ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge. Similarly

In the northern area, the patrolling ships depended upon support from the fleet stationed in the Northern bases.

Finally, in this brief outline of some of the problems of strategy, there is the security of the naval bases. In the present political situation there is no reason to fear that any would become untenable owing to attack by land sea or air.

## THE TOTALITARIAN WAR

BY A. A. MILNE

IT is difficult, and sometimes embarrassing, for an author to make the necessary assumptions as to the reader's previous acquaintance with his work. It would be as offensively mock-modest for one writer to begin : "I don't know if you have ever heard of me, but I once wrote a play called *St. Joan*", as it would be offensively vain for another to begin : "Doubtless you all remember the little sketch I turned out last year for *The Five Jolly Sailor-boys*". Yet with every wish not to be offensive I am completely unaware as to how many people who read this will have read an invocation against war, which I wrote five years ago, called *Peace with Honour*. Let me then say briefly that such a book was written : that it had, as I know from letters, a considerable influence on many who read it : and that it is still continuously quoted, as I know from press-cuttings, in the argumentative columns of local papers. For this reason anything which I say about the present war must be reconciled with, or excepted from, the things which I said then about war in general.

In that book, writing as a full-blooded pacifist, I examined all the arguments in apology for war, such as Ruskin's assertion that "all the greatest qualities of man come out in armed conflict", and all the excuses for the inevitability of war, and that it is only human nature, and proved, as I hoped, the vanity of them. I denounced war as the sublimation of wickedness and insanity. I said that no Church could support it, and that it should be renounced utterly. I insisted that there had never been a dispute between nations which could not be settled more economically and more fairly by arbitration and I ended by saying that, if everybody thought as I did, a solemn renunciation of war by all peoples of the world would be in itself sufficient without any sanctions of force behind it.

et I am not now denouncing my country's participation in this war ; on the contrary I am, mind and heart and soul, supporting it. And it seems to me that my first need is to explain this to myself, even if the explanation is not called for by any of my readers. The explanation, in any case, will be much nearer to myself than to my readers, for the reason that writing is much easier than reading.

Very few people can read. The average person follows the writer for a little way, and he observes that the path which they are treading together is a well-trodden path. At some moment the writer leaves the path and turns into untrodden country. The reader does not notice ; here is the path clearly before him ; he knows, or thinks he knows, where they are going. Perhaps the path ends suddenly. No matter ; there is the goal in front of his eyes. He makes his way over the last few yards and arrives triumphantly. The goal is the Eternal City of Peace : how surely the writer had led him there ! But the goal is, as he knew it would be, a mirage in the desert, and the writer a blind leader of the blind. But the writer is, in fact, somewhere else ; alone. Perhaps if he had been a better writer he would have been followed to the end, but he has got where he meant to go, and he feels that it was the reader's business to keep him in sight.

Let me give two examples of the way in which the reader reaches his own conclusions.

I began my book by saying that if the world thought as I did there would be no more war, and that I was therefore trying to persuade my readers in the hope that they in turn would persuade others. When I had been as persuasive as I could for fourteen chapters, I was met by the question : "Even if everybody did *want* to abolish war, how could they do it ? "

I gave my Plan. Three times within a few pages I insisted again on the obvious premise to the plan : that everybody *did* want to abolish war. Yet reviewer after reviewer wrote as if I thought that my ridiculous Plan could be put into operation now.

Again :

The Plan included a solemn universal renunciation of war, of defence no less than of aggression. Assuming the question

"What should England do if one nation broke its word and attacked her?" I said that the likelihood of this seemed to me to be negligible, but that, if it happened, England could obviously do nothing: that is, she had given her word and must abide by it. This was commended, or derided, according to the feelings of the reader, as a plea for immediate unilateral disarmament.

For misreadings such as these I do not hold myself responsible. But I am responsible for this: that a distinction in my mind which underlay all that I was writing was never definitely stated, but only implied; perhaps not even implied but only to be read between the lines by someone who had already made the same distinction. And it is this which explains why an apparent condemnation of all war allows me to accept this war; yes, even after scoffing at the pseudo-pacifist who always justifies the current war while professing an academic devotion to peace.

The distinction made in my mind was the distinction between international war and civil war. It is clear throughout the book that I am talking of international war, of war between nations; but though civil war is never mentioned it is never specifically excluded; and it may be that if I had tried to exclude it, I should merely have left my opponent with the logic with which to confound me. Yet I did so exclude it in my mind; perhaps not logically, perhaps only instinctively.

Forty years ago international war seemed the natural, reasonable and rather heroic way of settling disputes. If you killed anybody (and of course such things did happen) you only killed a foreigner. But civil war was an abomination; in civil war you were killing your own brother, and that was a horribly unnatural thing to do. For many years I have disagreed with this point of view. I have never thought that brotherly love was particularly "natural"; nor did it seem more natural to be fond of an Englishman rather than of a Frenchman, a German or an American. One might love anybody or hate anybody. But civil war seemed to me less immoral than international war for two reasons. First, that the fight was not for territory, nor, principally, for material gain, nor for a false prestige, but inevitably for an idea. And

secondly, that, again inevitably, it was a people's war, a revolt of the people against misrule, a war in which the common man was free to choose his own side.

This war seems to me to be a civil war : a war of ideas : revolt, in which Germans are fighting on our side, or we on theirs, against an intolerable form of Government.

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This, then, is not an international war, a war between two Governments, but a war between two forms of government ; between Democracy and Totalitarianism ; or more simply a war between Liberty and Slavery.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about liberty. Communists, for instance, ridicule the claim that Britain is a free country ; they say that it is a free country for the rich, but not for the poor, and they imply that only under (of all things) communism is complete freedom assured. There is no such thing possible as complete freedom. When I say that I am free to write what I like—as in Germany or Italy or Russia I should not be—it is no answer to tell me that the newspapers are in the hands of capitalists who will only print what seems good to them. For I am free to become a capitalist and start my own paper—if I can. And I am free to publish my views in a book, if a publisher, with freedom to refuse the book, decides to accept it. I am free to swim the rapids below Niagara—or should be if the rapidity of the water did not hamper my freedom. One is not less free because one has not the qualities to do all which one would like to do. The liberty which flourishes under democracy is freedom of soul, freedom to live one's own life according to one's opportunities and abilities and desires, subject to the right of every other person to enjoy the same freedom. It is not complete freedom ; there is no such thing as complete freedom ; it is because Hitler is claiming complete freedom to do what he likes that we are fighting him. But it is Liberty. And it is the business—one might almost say the whole business—of democratic government so to order affairs that the liberty of one man interferes as little as possible with the liberty of his neighbour.

A democratic government, in fact, bears the same relation to its people as the committee of a club bears to its members :

the State exists for the benefit of the People. A totalitarian government bears the same relation to its people as an Army Command bears to its human and material resources : the People exist for the benefit of the State.

But if the State is not caring for the people, but only using the people, for what purpose can it use them ? Even if we had not the example of Germany and others before us, we should know that the only purpose could be a military purpose. If individual life is to be sacrificed to the State, then the State must have a life of its own, and the only life it can have is in competition with other States ; not for the betterment of its people, for its people are of no account, but for the enlargement of itself. The individual is denied butter to provide guns for the State ; the mother gives up her children from the nursery to provide soldiers for the State. How else can the State enlarge itself, how else express the personality it has asserted, lacking guns and soldiers ?

A totalitarian State, then, can only fulfil itself in war or the threat of war. If German National Socialism has made any contribution to political science, it is in this new doctrine of the threat of war. This is where those of us who have been exposing the futility of war have gone wrong. War can bring no material gains commensurate with the losses it entails, but the threat of war can. To a world which remembers the last war the threat of another war of that magnitude has been a weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous almost impossible to resist. If the challenge be accepted, the challenger knows that he is doomed ; it is certain that he could not survive the universal ruin. It was for this reason that one hoped that war would not come : that one told oneself that totalitarian leaders had a special interest in preserving the peace, since their own power could not outlast a war. One sees now that that was a vain hope ; one sees also that the threat of war is as much the rule of force, as much a war, as war itself.

But there is another reason why the totalitarian State is a danger to peace. Such a State is an autocracy ; the decision between peace and war is in the hands of its ruler. Now one of the constant arguments of the anti-pacifist has been that war will always persist because you cannot change human

nature. The answer to that has been : first that international war is *not* humanly natural (as civil war might be) and secondly, that even if you can't change human nature, you can control it, you can provide it with a different outlet. It is natural to eat if you are hungry, but a man can learn to control his appetite, and if one sort of diet seems likely to prove fatal to him, he will choose another. Whether human nature has changed or not, the attitude of the people to war has changed. A writer said the other day : "We are not in this war to reform mankind". Mankind is in no need of reformation. There is an intense hatred of war, an intense longing to renounce war for ever, in the heart of mankind.

Of "mankind". But mankind is of no consideration in a totalitarian State. Mankind does not make its voice heard ; the only voice heard is the phonographic voice of the Leader. The slow processes of civilization have already "reformed" mankind in many matters, but there will always be outlaws beyond the reach of reform. Mankind is less cruel, but there are men as cruel to-day as in the most brutal days of the past. Woman is more independent, but the completely dependent woman is still to be found. And so, in a State in which only one voice is to be heard, that voice may echo none of the lessons which civilization has so hardly learnt. The voice may still be the voice of the jungle. In which case jungle law will still be the law of Europe.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Now it is the extreme of stupidity and cowardice to think that, because many people were expecting the last war to end war, and because the last war did not end war, therefore this war cannot end war. Why should the indomitable spirit of man fail only at this one challenge ? There have been many attempts to climb Everest ; is it conceivable that each new expedition says to itself : "Well, the last expedition hoped to do it, and didn't, so obviously this one won't' ? How are new discoveries made, how does civilization march, but along the familiar road from hope to disappointment and on to hope again ? "But you said the *last* steam-engine would work," Stephenson is told scornfully. "So I did ", he says sheepishly,

and tears up his new plans, and decides to collect butterflies. Is this man's unconquerable soul ?

The Great War was a war to end war—we hoped. This war is a war to end war—we still hope. We shall go on hoping. For no humane man, no intelligent man, can fight a war without hoping that it will be the last war ; without doing all that one man can do to ensure that it shall be the last war.

Why did we fail last time ?

We began the war by saying that we were out to destroy Prussianism : that is, the Hohenzollerns and the military caste ; we had no quarrel, we said, with the German people. We destroyed Prussianism, the Hohenzollerns and the military caste ; a democratic government took their place ; and it was with this government that we made peace. I doubt if even now the average Englishman realizes what that peace was like. He thinks of it in terms of surrendered territory to which Germany had no real right ; the payment of indemnities which were, in fact, never paid ; and the well-meaning but hastily conceived attempt to create new States which no geography could define. He forgets the agony through which the German people passed on their way to this haven of " peace " : the slow starvation of the blockade after the war was over, the nightmare horror of the " inflation ", when money had lost all value. And it was a democratic government which had signed the passport to these horrors. How could the German people not respond, when the military caste pushed up its head again and said : " *Now what do you think of your democratic government ? We would never have signed a peace like that* ". How could the people not hail as an evangelist this Corporal Hitler, the mouthpiece of the military, who was so soon to be speaking for himself, and then, so soon, speaking by order for the whole of Germany ?

We need not make that mistake again. We have said, more emphatically this time because more truthfully, that we have no quarrel with the enslaved German people. Let us try this time to remember what we have said. However long the war, no peace with National Socialism ; however short the war, peace, constructive peace, with the German people—a

peace which brings liberty to Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia and, not least, to Germany herself.

And then what? A League of Free European Peoples; an economic league, with free trade within its boundaries, and preferences, if she wished to help, from the United States. A league which other nations would be eager to join: to which they would be elected as soon as they were qualified: from which they could be expelled if they forsook democracy. It sounds fanciful, perhaps impossible. But some such effort must be made to emerge from this lunatic half-world, in which peace-loving millions, with all the spiritual, mental and material resources of civilization at their command, yet find themselves at the mercy of half-a-dozen gangsters. For we in England are at the mercy of the autocrat no less than his countrymen who have surrendered their liberties to him. We are back in the jungle to-day because Hitler has ordered it. Is it not madness? And so long as one nation puts itself at the disposal of one man, is it not a madness whose shadow will always be darkening our lives?

But wherever the people's voice can be heard there will be no war. And wherever the autocrat's voice can be heard, there will be war. So the way to peace may be difficult, but it is marked very plainly for all the world to see.

## FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

BY PATRICK RANSOME

THE European powder-magazine has exploded, and twenty-one years after the conclusion of the war fought to end war the peoples of the world are once more devoting their wealth, their talents and their lives to the task of mutual destruction. The immediate cause of this catastrophe is only too obvious, and resistance to brutal and unashamed aggression has become a bitter necessity. But it must not be forgotten that the real causes of this, as of every other, war lie deeper than in the senseless ambition of one man ; they are to be found in the absence of any effective international order, in the determination of the omnipotent sovereign state to be judge in its own cause. If western civilization is to survive we must put an end, not only to Hitlerism, but to the menace of international anarchy. The peace which follows this war will be merely a truce in an endless succession of destructive conflicts unless it contains the seeds of a durable system of world order, in which the rule of law will replace the rule of force in international relations. The creation of such a system can no longer be regarded as the pious aspiration of political philosophers ; it has become the one vital task for practical politicians.

The problem has two main aspects. First, what is the ultimate goal ? Second, what path should be followed in our quest ? In searching for an answer to the first of these questions we must, I think, examine the causes of the failure of the League of Nations. Was that failure due to mere political accident, or was it inherent in the very structure of the League ? In the answer that is given to this question will be found an indication of the system we should strive to create. The immediate causes of the League's collapse are only too familiar. The absence of the United States and Russia, the consequent use

of the League by France as an instrument for preserving the status quo, the half-hearted support given to the principle of collective security by Great Britain, all contributed to the dismal history. But it is now realized by a rapidly increasing body of opinion both in this country and abroad that the fundamental reason for the ineffectiveness of the League lies in the fact that it was based on the conception of the absolute sovereign state, and that until our reverence for this quite artificial theory of national sovereignty is dispersed there can be no hope of any rational system of international order. Even a cursory examination of the Covenant will show how carefully the ultimate right of the state to be judge in its own cause was preserved. The League was composed of delegates of State Governments, its decisions on all major questions had to be unanimous, withdrawal from membership was permitted. It had no authority to change the political status quo, it could not compel disarmament, it could not limit economic nationalism. It was a body which, in the field of positive solutions, could merely recommend action to its members, which might accept or reject such recommendations at their pleasure.

The idea of the personified, almost deified state, claiming absolute obedience from all its citizens and owning no superior authority on earth, is to-day an anachronism. Its origins are nasty, its methods brutish, and its life, we must hope, will be short. From it grow many evils besides the perpetuation of international anarchy. It is the enemy of individual freedom and the chief prop of economic nationalism. The days when a Byron and a Mazzini could equate Liberty with Nationalism are long past and it is now our duty to blaspheme against the sanctity of this ill-begotten myth.

Indeed for each state passionately to assert its freedom to pursue an independent policy is not only wrong but dishonest. For no such freedom in fact exists. In defence, in foreign policy, in the various forms of state interference in economic affairs, the actions of each state are dictated by the actions of others. The problem is no longer one of theoretical right—it has become a question of political mechanism. We cannot escape the conclusion that we need a common government for matters of common concern.

On what principle should such a government be based? I would suggest that a dispassionate examination, freed from considerations of expediency, drives one to the conclusion that it must be sought in some adaptation of the Federal idea. By Federation I mean, broadly speaking, a system under which individual states finally transfer their sovereignty over certain spheres of governmental action to a newly-created sovereign authority, which thereupon exercises exclusive control over those functions only, and in exercising it "claims directly the obedience of every citizen and acts immediately upon him through its courts and executive officers". Its essence is that it is a Union of Peoples not a League of States. The individual citizen of a Federal State owes obedience in certain matters to the central government, and in others to his state government. The central government is chosen by and is responsible to its citizens, and exerts its authority directly upon them, not through the machinery of the various state governments.

The advantages of a Federation over a League are obvious. Under a federal system the bogy of national sovereignty is laid once and for all. Under a federal system the democratic principle of responsible government is extended beyond the frontiers of the individual state. Finally, Federation is the only form of inter-State organization that has proved both efficient and durable in the past. A Confederation, that is to say, an association of state governments, possesses none of these advantages. Based on the state as a unit, it has a history of almost unrelieved failure. The most famous example is perhaps that of the American League of Friendship. After the War of Independence the thirteen colonies set up a loose form of Confederation, having many of the characteristics of the League of Nations. The result was, as Washington said, little better than anarchy, and the Philadelphia Convention convened in 1787 to "revise the Articles of Confederation" was impelled to devise a new and more centralized form of government. Largely owing to the genius of Madison and Hamilton, the federal principle was accepted as the basis of the new constitution, and the United States of America came into being.

For these reasons then, both theoretical and practical, it would seem unanswerable that the type of constitution which

the world ultimately requires should be federal in character. The question then arises, and this is the second half of the problem as stated in the opening paragraph of this article, how best can we achieve this objective? What are the immediate steps that we should take along the path which we should undeviatingly follow?

There would appear to be two courses open to us. One is to build on the framework of the existing League—to remove its more obvious sources of weakness, to strengthen it where we can, and to trust to the habit of inter-state co-operation to produce an atmosphere in which it can gradually be changed into a truly federal system. The other is to attempt something more dramatic, to seize the opportunity, which may not recur for many years, when all our hitherto accepted beliefs are being questioned and all our institutions are in a state of fluidity and to begin now the task of building the federal structure.

The proposition which it is the purpose of this article to advance is that these two methods should not be regarded as alternative, but as complementary. It is clear, in the first place, that to attempt to set up a World Federal Government in the present state of international society would be doomed to immediate and derisory failure. I believe also that to rely solely on a reformed League would be to encourage the delusion that in such a system can salvation be found. The true course is on the one hand to welcome and to encourage any development of the League, and on the other, to begin now to work for a real Federal Union between the European and American democracies. With the composition and powers of such a Union I will deal in a later passage. The relevant point here is that such a Union should be open to accession by any state that was prepared to accept its constitution. It would thus become an ever expanding nucleus of Federal Government, acting as a powerful unit inside the wider and looser League based on confederate principles.

The proposal for a Federal Union of the democracies has recently been advocated with great vigour in a book called "Union Now" by Clarence Streit. Mr. Streit suggests that such a union could be formed now between what he calls the Atlantic Democracies : the U.S.A., Great Britain, Canada,

Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian States, and Switzerland. He proceeds to define the powers which the Federal Government should possess, and with great courage even puts forward a draft constitution. Now it is quite unnecessary to be dogmatic either as to the exact composition of such a Federation or as to its constitutional structure. Political events will largely dictate the one, and extensive research is obviously necessary into the other. But certain considerations seem to be fundamental. Federation involves a common citizenship, and therefore a common belief as to the relation of man and society. The acceptance of democratic principles of government would therefore appear to be a necessary qualification for membership. It was, I think, Lord Bryce who said "I cannot define a democracy, but I know one when I see it"; an illogical but perhaps a satisfactory criterion. Secondly, it is essential that the characteristic of Federalism which has in the past proved to be its chief source of strength, the direct relationship between the individual citizen and the central government, should be preserved with jealous care. This does not necessarily imply that the Federal Legislature must be chosen by direct popular election on a strict population basis. It does mean, however, that in certain matters the citizen should own obedience exclusively to the Federal Government, and that in those matters the Federal Government should issue its commands directly to all its citizens. Thirdly, the powers transferred to the Federal Government should be the minimum which would ensure effective control over matters of common concern. The problem here is the age-old one of the reconciliation of Order and Liberty. To take one example. In the sphere of economics, sufficient power should be given to the Federal Government to enable it to destroy that arch-begetter of war and poverty, economic nationalism, while leaving to the states sufficient freedom for internal social and economic experiment. Finally, while certain functions of government might well have to be placed under Federal control, e.g., communications, migration and colonial administration, there are a few which obviously must be transferred, namely foreign affairs, defence, and some degree of control over tariffs and currency policy: the Federal

overnment, moreover, should possess taxing and borrowing powers sufficient to finance its own activities, and a system of federal Courts to adjudicate on federal legislation.

Such are, in my view, some of the chief considerations which those entrusted with the drafting of a federal constitution would have to bear in mind. They do not pretend to be exhaustive, and into the details of such a scheme I have neither the space nor the competence to enter.

What is the relevance of this proposal to the situation which will confront us at the end of the war? It is of course impossible to dogmatize at a time when the political set-up which will then exist is completely unknown. But it is clear that one of the chief problems to be solved will be that of the ultimate destiny of the German people. We are apt to think of the problem of Germany as something quite new, as a menacing shadow which has emerged, no one knows whence, out of an unclouded sky. In reality it is the oldest unsolved riddle of European politics. From the days of the barbarian invasions, through the long struggle of Hohenstaufen and Papacy, during the bloody conflicts of the Thirty Years War, down to the foundation of the German Empire under Bismarck and the inconclusive stories of the War of 1914, the problem of how to fit this stirring but powerful element into the framework of European civilization has remained unsolved. Incorporation into a federal structure is clearly the only final solution. The genius of the German people has never, owing largely to historical accident, expressed itself in the art of self-government. Association with other politically more mature nations in a Federation of the type we have been considering would give to Germany the opportunities which she demands and indeed deserves, and to Europe the security which it so obviously needs. As a short-range policy too this would seem to have considerable reality. Some concrete offer must, sooner or later, be made to the German people, and if they are to be invited to overthrow Hitlerism positive indications of a hopeful future must be laid before them. Knowledge that a share in the immense resources of a Democratic Union lies open to them should they be able to establish a democratic form of government in their own country would be an almost irresistible attraction to a

desperate and impoverished people. But the destiny of Germany is only one aspect of the wider problem of how a true system of international order can best be established. The vital point to be borne in mind is that we should not, for the sake of a closer approach to universality, set our feet once more upon a path that can only lead to disaster. If we are certain of the way we wish to go then let us set out in the right direction, however short the distance we travel. Any international institutions set up at the next Peace Conference should all, I would submit, be susceptible of development into a truly federal system. Furthermore, we should do our utmost to create a Federal Union of Free Peoples, based on the principles set forth above, and open to accession at a later date by any nation that would be prepared to accept the conditions of membership. There would thus be created within a looser inter-state organization the nucleus of an efficient and durable system of international government. To modify a famous phrase, "the Democracies would save themselves by their exertions and save the world by their example".

One question remains to be answered. Are we dreamers of an unrealisable Utopia? What chance is there in a world of rampant nationalism of achieving so dramatic an advance? The answer is, I think, that all great movements that have profoundly changed men's outlook, and through that change have modified the course of history, have been attacked as impracticable. In recent years both Lenin and Hitler refused to be discouraged by such criticism, and a transformation of society which in both cases seemed wildly improbable was effected within a few years only. To-day the most difficult part of any revolutionary activity has already been accomplished. Men are discontented with the existing state of affairs. Already they go in fear of their lives, and soon the interference of the omnipotent warlike state in every aspect of their normal existence will become intolerable. They are learning in a hard school, and when they realize that they are faced by an abyss they may well prefer to take a leap into safety rather than continue their march into destruction.

## GANGSTERS ARE HUMAN—*A Story*

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

OVE-MAD MODEL HELD IN ARTIST'S KILLING . . .  
POLICE SEEK TOT-MURDERER. . . . Headlines  
from the paper folded beside his plate caught Mr.  
Scunthorpe's eye as he came into the sitting-room and sat  
down to breakfast. He picked up the paper and glanced at it  
with amused tolerance. Mrs. Scunthorpe, opposite, fussed  
with the teapot. The dull roar of New York's morning traffic  
came faintly up to the eyrie of their hotel apartment.

"TWO SLAIN IN BRONX GUN-BATTLE. PATROLMAN  
OILS RAIDERS SINGLE-HANDED," Mr. Scunthorpe read  
at. "Patrolman O'Riley, now lying in hosp. . . ."

"Why do they go on putting the tea in these silly little bags ?"  
interrupted his wife. "I spoke about it the day after we  
arrived and . . . Yes, dear, I'm listening ! Two slain ! I do  
think this is a terribly lawless country. Day after day things  
like that happening".

Henry Scunthorpe put down the paper and spoke oracularly.  
American police, my dear, are armed, and American criminals  
know it. That's why encounters between them are so frequently  
ah—shot out. Now our English bobbies only carry  
truncheons, so . . ."

"Yes, simply wonderful, aren't they ? You know, Henry,  
I've only been here a week, but I'm just longing to see a  
London policeman again. I do wish you'd hurry up with  
our business and let's get back. I don't really like New York—  
though I must say the hotels seem quite up-to-date".

"I'm seeing Adler again at five o'clock. I shall get something  
definite then". He scooped the last of his grape-fruit and  
stirred his tea reflectively. "I rather like New York, though.  
It has a peculiar tempo of its own. Up in Boston it's quite  
different. And further West, of course, different again".

Henry Scunthorpe had by now spent nearly seven days in New York and so, like many a visiting Englishman, knew all about America. Given an additional four days in Washington, he would probably have written "America From Within" on his return home.

"But Chicago's further West, isn't it?" pursued his wife. "And that's worse than here. It's hardly safe to walk about the streets at night, Maisie Styles was telling me . . ."

Rather patronizingly Henry again put her right. "That's all—ah—bunk, my dear Lucy." He hadn't quite cured himself of a slight self-conscious hesitation before giving vent to a newly-acquired Americanism. "Chicago's no worse than any other town of the size. Americans simply laugh at our conception of it as swarming with gangsters. They even have a joke about the Englishman who believed that the Chicago golf-courses have a local rule about being allowed to pick up balls found lying in casual blood . . ."

"No! Are they *really*?" exclaimed Mrs. Scunthorpe, who hadn't been listening all the time. "Well! Still, I'm not surprised after what Maisie told me she'd heard from a friend who knew a man who . . ."

Her husband gave an exasperated grunt. He knew all about gangsters too. "There's a lot of nonsense talked about gangsters. They're really quite human".

"Oh, my dear!" Lucy Scunthorpe was genuinely shocked. "You don't call it human to—well, to shoot people in cold blood, do you, just because they won't hand over their valuables?"

"That's the very reason". Henry was irritated by her inability to see just what he meant. "They don't *want* to shoot you. If you'd hand over your valuables at once you wouldn't get hurt".

"But why should I hand over . . .?"

"Because you're in the States", he snapped. "One of the first things I was told—by an American, mark you—when we got over here, was not to answer back! If suddenly somebody—ah—says 'Stick 'em up, buddy!'—or 'sister' to you", he added, hurriedly amplifying for his wife's benefit—"then you stick 'em up. 'The boys', this fellow said, 'don't ask twice'. And mind you"—well away now, he pointed his knife at Mrs.

cunthorpe in the manner of a schoolmaster ramming a point home on the dullard of the class—" mind you, he *knows* several gangsters personally, and says they *are* quite human really. You—ah—play ball with them, and they'll play ball with you ".

Mrs. Scunthorpe opened her mouth to question. Her husband forestalled her.

" And for God's sake don't look as though you thought playing ball was a *game* ! " he said irritably. " I only mean you must forget your natural English law-abiding revulsion towards all criminals and look on them as men who in a business deal have got the upper hand. Treat them humanly—even sympathetically—and they'll respond ". He rose from the table, drew out a pipe. " They're American, and the Americans are essentially a friendly nation ", he concluded on a note of perfect anticlimax.

" Ah ,well ", said Mrs. Scunthorpe vaguely, and topped it with " Where shall we meet for lunch ? "

They lunched at the Brevoort and later took in a news-reel. At four-thirty Mrs. Scunthorpe said goodbye and returned to the hotel, while Henry set off to his appointment with Mr. Adler of General Accessories, Inc.

By six the two men had finally settled their business, the deal which had brought Henry to the States, and went to celebrate the event with a Manhattan or so at a ' little joint ' Mr. Adler knew round the corner, the " or so " being Mr. Adler's idea, for he had already told Mrs. Adler that he had a big deal on with an Englishman and wouldn't be back till late. At seven Henry telephoned his wife to say he'd be late for dinner ; at eight to say he wouldn't be back to dinner at all. They went to a ' little joint ' Adler knew for dinner, to a musical comedy, and to various other ' little joints ' Adler knew, from the Fifties up to Harlem. Mrs. Adler kept her husband on a tight rein, and she knew how to make the most of his chances.

At about four o'clock in the morning Henry Scunthorpe found himself walking through almost empty streets somewhere in the West Seventies. He had been walking aimlessly for some time, had stopped twice for coffee to clear his head, and was once more comparatively sober. A rather maudlin farewell scene with Life-Long Friend Bob Adler was a thing of the past. He

was now looking for a taxi, but they seemed unaccountably scarce in those particular blocks. He rounded a corner eastward into a cross-street. It was deserted except for an empty sedan parked against the curb half-way down. Then as he drew nearly level with it he gave a jump. A man was lounging nearby in the shadows by the door of a small shop, as still and invisible as if he had been a shadow himself. For a moment Henry had a queer impression that he was actually going to be held up. Even as he recalled with some satisfaction that he had nothing but a few dollars and a watch on him, the impression passed, for the man did not move, merely regarded him with a coldly watchful eye over the top of his pulled-up collar.

On impulse Henry spoke. "Good evening", he said friendlily and stopped. The man seemed to tauten. His hands were in his pockets. "Excuse me, but can you tell where I'm likely to get a taxi at this time of night? I'm a stranger to New York".

There was a moment's silence, as though the other were sizing him up. Then : "Further on, brother! Find one on Eighth, most like".

"Thanks. Nice night". There was no reply and Henry moved on.

As he approached the next corner a patrolman came round swinging his night-stick and passed him. Henry reached the avenue and glanced up and down it. Seeing what looked like a taxi away to the right cruising along from downtown on a distant batch of greens, he decided to wait.

Idly he looked round again, noticed the policeman had just reached the sedan. At that moment he, too, had apparently observed the man by the door, for he stopped. His voice came clear on the night. "Hey, what's going . . . ?"

Then everything happened as in a film. The officer suddenly took a quick pace back, dropping his hand to his hip even as a little gout of flame stabbed out from the shadows. On the heels of vision came sound, the quick report of a gun. Then the policeman was slumping to the sidewalk. His nightstick beat a momentary, feeble tattoo on the paving stones, and was silent. He lay still, a dark heap under the street light. Two men ran together from the shadows to the sedan. A third followed.

The self-starter whirred the engine to life. Then a door slammed jerking Henry out of his amazed immobility.

"Good God!" he gasped, suddenly ceasing to be a spectator of seeming unreality, aware with a rush he had actually seen a crime. "They—they shot him . . ."

His heart was beating quickly. His first, and British, impulse was to call for the police, to run for help, or to chase after the criminals. Then other considerations crowded into his mind. He would be held as a witness, would probably have to stay in America instead of going home next week, would be interviewed by pushful, overbearing pressmen. Much better keep out of it all. After all, it wasn't his country.

Almost before he had reached this conclusion, he had quickly turned again towards the Avenue, standing with his back to the scene, as if he had been like that all the time. Away behind him he heard the sedan slamming into second gear. The nearer Avenue lights were now green and the taxi was coming up. In ten minutes or so he'd be back in his hotel. He felt quite breathless with suppressed excitement. He began to wonder just how he'd tell the story when he got back to England. He wouldn't be able to resist retailing the adventure, but it might be hard to make people understand why he hadn't done something about it.

The taxi drew near, but, as he half-raised his hand in summons the main lights again changed to red. So he started to cross the road to it, when the sedan car, which he had subconsciously imagined would go across on the green, pulled up suddenly at his left elbow with a quick slurr of brakes. A soft, thick voice spoke in his ear :

"Get in, buddy, and no fuss!"

Henry turned in surprise. He saw the rear door was open, disclosing the muzzle of an automatic held by a large fat man in black. The other two men were in front, the one he had spoken to in the driver's seat.

"I—I beg your pardon?" began Henry.

"Get in quickly, and look as if you like it. See!"

"Really I . . ." began Henry again, and remembered his American friend's advice on dealing with gangsters. He got in. The door slammed; the car shot forward with a jerk that told

Henry only too clearly the gun was being held very close to his ribs. An argument promptly resumed between the driver and his companion in the front, who spoke with a rasping, petulant snarl.

"What's the big idea anyway, Ed, picking up this bozo? Want to advertise us all round town?"

"Tell you he spoke to me back there", retorted Ed, out of the side of his mouth, eyes ahead as he flashed across the intersection past the stationary taxi.

"Well, what of it? He'd . . ."

The fat man beside Henry spoke again.

"Maybe Ed's right, Dave. Best be on the safe side." His soft, thick voice held authority.

Henry, recovered from his first shock, decided he'd better come into this. The situation only needed handling calmly and with commonsense.

"Really, gentlemen", he began in his most affable manner. "I'm a stranger to New York and I don't understand all this at all."

"See!" growled the man called Dave, twisting round to speak to Henry's companion, "See what you two smart guys done now? Picked up a blasted limey".

Henry tried again. "I was just standing there waiting for that taxi . . ."

"Never having turned round?" purred the fat man.

Henry, a little watchful now, answered very quickly. "Why should I? I was watching for the taxi to come up."

"Heard nothing, I suppose?"

"I—I heard a car back-fire."

"Ah! You heard a car back-fire?"

"Why not tell him all about it, Fats?", sneered Dave.

At this point Ed, having worked several blocks across town, suddenly swung left-handed into an avenue and sped north. Again Henry felt the gun muzzle nudge his side.

"I'd be obliged if you'd stop pointing that gun at me", he suggested coolly. "I'm not armed. I'm just an English business man. If this is one of the hold-ups I've read so much about, you're welcome to all the—ah—berries I've got." He forced a lighter note. "Not many, I'm afraid."

"Can you tie *that*?" Dave asked of the windshield.

There was a silence, the man called Fats evidently considering. Then he put the gun away with a short laugh.

"O.K., Mr. English business man. You got a nerve!"

Henry felt better. Gangsters *were* human. He felt that the theory he had expressed to Lucy at breakfast was being justified in practice. Here he was talking with three criminals as though they were all sitting round a dinner table, showing them that he could understand their point of view. He laughed in answer, spoke again :

"Now, I don't know what you gentlemen . . ."

"Quit calling us gentlemen", snapped Dave, "or I'll beat your block off".

"Oh, can it, Dave", said Ed.

"I don't know what you men", amended Henry, with a cold look at Dave, "are doing, or were trying to do. It's no business of mine. I'm not in the least interested in your affairs. I got in your car because you pointed a gun at me and I'm a sensible man".

"I hope so", purred Fats oily.

"Now why don't you drop me and let me get back to my hotel. Take what I've got first, if that's your game. I won't report it to the police. In fact, I promise you I'll—ah—play ball. You've won, I've lost".

"Where in hell'd this guy get that line?" snarled Dave.

"It seems a very reasonable line", said Fats.

"I'm a reasonable man", replied Henry. Next minute to his surprise and relief, the car pulled up suddenly at a corner. He considered he had handled the matter very well, though he didn't at all like Dave's attitude. Dave wasn't quite as human as a gangster ought to be.

They all got out.

Henry flashed a smile round and extended his hand. "Well, good n . . ."

"This way!" cut in Fats, motioning to a cross street.

"But what . . ."

"If you don't want to get hurt", continued Fats.

They left the sedan, walked half down the block. Henry now realized they had not pulled up to let him out, but at a pre-

arranged place. He eyed his companions uneasily under the street lamp. The driver, Ed, was white-faced, cold and bitter ; Dave of fuller colour, more aggressive. Fats, hand menacingly in side pocket and moving very softly and quickly for one of his bulk, had a jowly face almost benign till Henry saw his eyes, and for the first time felt a twinge of real apprehension. It now looked to him like the start of a kidnapping. He shouldn't have mentioned that he was a business man ; probably they thought he was rolling in money. Still, the only thing to do was to continue to live up to his theory ; and soon they would see reason.

" Where are we going ? " he began with assumed jauntiness.

" Round and about ", answered Fats shortly.

Henry was not to be put off. He must show that he could take all this as a matter of course. " You leaving your car there ? "

" Our car ? " said Ed with a grim smile. " Don't they ever knock off a heap way back in England to do a job with ? Or maybe you just wouldn't know ? "

" I suppose you . . . "

" Suppose you shut your trap ", cut in Dave bitterly.

They stopped, entered a house, went through a hallway by a flashlight which Dave produced, and into a yard at the back, where facing a double-door beyond stood a big grey touring car.

" Get in ! " ordered Fats.

" Certainly ", said Henry affably, and climbed in the front beside Ed. Fats sat behind him with Dave, who had meanwhile opened the doors. They swung out of the yard into an alley and then a street going North.

Henry brushed a hand across his forehead, found it wet. He turned in his seat.

" I really must ask you what you intend to do. If you're kidnappers, you're out of luck because I've no money over here in the States. Besides "—he had a momentary mental vision of a Union Jack waving in the breeze and automatically straightened his shoulders—" remember I'm a British citizen ".

" Yeah ! We gotta think of that, Fats ", said Dave suddenly without irony.

" I know. Now tell me, Mr. . . . ? "

" Scunthorpe. Henry Scunthorpe ".

"For the love of Pete ; " exclaimed Ed. Dave merely gave a short laugh and drew out a pack of Luckies, Fats reaching over white pudgy hand and taking one too. As he flashed a lighter, Henry, still turned round, saw for a moment the cold, glittering eyes fixed on him through the first whorls of smoke.

"Now tell me something, Henry ? " Fat's voice was more weary than ever, with a mocking undercurrent. " You can see by now we're big bad guys, and even if you are a British citizen we got to study ourselves. Get it ? Now what did you see stay back in that street ?

" I tell you honestly I didn't see a thing ", replied the Englishman promptly. " Was there anything to see ? "

" Nope ! " snapped Dave.

" But I'll be frank with you. I gather you've been on some burglary job, but as I said, that's not my business. It's up to our police and ", he added a little effusively, " I bet they'll have their work cut out. You gent . . men seem pretty clever. And I've given you my word not to—ah—spill a thing. Anyway I'm going back to England next week ".

There was a silence.

" That's fair enough ", said the big man at last.

" But, hey . . ." began Ed, over his left shoulder.

" You bossing this outfit ? " purred Fats silkily. " Or me ? " For answer Ed stood on the brake. Then as the car pulled up he turned deliberately in his seat and faced the other.

" Lookit here, Fats ", he said without heat. " You're boss. What you say about this goes. But I gotta small beef coming first ".

" Such as ! "

" Such as I just don't get this turning him loose. The way I look at it is this. If he did see anything, we ain't safe trusting him because he's already been stringing us along that he didn't. And if he didn't see nothing, we ain't safe either, 'cos he'll lead about what it is—and what you're forgetting, Fats, is he spoke to me in that doorway just before. That's liable to pin the thing on me. Now it wasn't me rubbed out that harness full, and I don't want to find myself standing in a line-up with him down below, ending up with me taking the rap for it ".

He turned back. The car slid off once more. Henry

Scunthorpe struggled against a feeling of unreality which had enveloped him as he listened to the discussion about himself as though he were merely a bale of merchandise.

"I assure you fellows . . ." he began.

"Aw, let it ride!" snapped Dave from the rear. "Ed's right, Fats", he added fiercely. "What you two damn fools wanted to pick him up for beats me. Now we're in a jam".

"I don't see that we are", said the other thoughtfully. He'll be a good boy. He won't talk".

"You bet I won't", laughed Henry over his shoulder. "Why, goodness me, this has been a great experience for me. I've never met gangsters before, but I've always maintained that they're as human as the rest of us." He laughed again on a note of relief. Then as he moved a little sideways in his seat the driving mirror showed him the back of the car—Fats' face, Fats' evil eyes, cold and merciless. The laugh froze, faded.

"Because I think", he heard Fats' gluey voice continuing, "you're right after all, boys. Can't risk letting him go." Then his jaw suddenly dropped in horror, for he saw the muzzle of the automatic quickly raised, and almost at the same moment felt its cold rim on the base of his skull. He sat paralysed, yammering in terror.

"Wouldn't be human", agreed Ed nonchalantly.

It was the last thing Henry Scunthorpe ever heard.

## THE R.A.F.—THREE PHASES

BY PILOT-OFFICER HUBERT GRIFFITH

SUMMER, 1918

THE smell of mown grass from the aerodrome comes back to one in memory. It is midsummer in 1918. One's horizon is a group of huts and hangars, wood-and-tin officers' Messes and men's sleeping quarters, on a vast sun-baked field, north of Amiens.

It is so called "peace-time warfare". The great March retreat of earlier in the year was over, leaving the Squadron with two or three of its best pilots and observers as casualties (a comparatively light let-off, seeing how long and intense the battle had been), and the August advance, that was to end the war, had not yet begun.

What are one's abiding impressions of the R.A.F. life of those days? Of work and of pleasure—of not too much work, and a lot of fun. With the front quiet, each pilot and observer had a daily job to do, and occasionally, though not often, two daily jobs to do—a three-hour patrol of "the Line", or the registering of batteries, or the photographing of enemy country. ("Contact patrol", the most exciting experience of all, when aircraft flew low enough to identify individual Germans and British in their trenches, was only in demand during actual battles). The three-hour daily job left plenty of time for relaxation. The Squadron had a bumpy tennis court attached to the aerodrome. Far back near Abbeville, almost on the coast, the Squadron had its own swimming-pool, a lovely tree-surrounded lake, where those off duty could bathe and sun themselves for long summer afternoons. In the evenings we played poker, or, as transport was always available in the R.A.F., groups of us would go off to dine in Amiens, or at the "*Quatre Fils d'Amon*" (who was Amon, and who were his four sons?) in nearby

Doullens. The little hotel kept a good table, and a particularly good Beaune, cheap. I and my pilot got on to this fact, and in the course of weeks cleared out the entire stock. Home leave came through regularly every three months or so, twice or three times as often as that of the ordinary Infantry subaltern.

The atmosphere of the war-time Flying Corps seemed always to be, if I may express it, "discipline without discipline". (Having passed previous years as a private in the infantry and as a junior staff officer before transferring to the R.F.C. I was in a position to appreciate this fact). As regards all essentials there was rigid discipline. Students of war-histories (and of casualty-lists) will probably admit that the Flying Corps went to the limit of human endurance in discharging its essential jobs. But outside flying hours—we were left alone. A thousand instances come back to me of where we were given an easy time—when, had we been the Army, we might have been goaded with minor annoyances. On one horrific occasion an order did actually come through from Headquarters that all officers of the Squadron were to parade for squad-drill each morning before breakfast. On the first morning the Squadron paraded before breakfast, to see what this new diversion might be. On the second morning many fewer officers paraded. On the third morning no one paraded at all; the order became quietly a dead letter, and was never referred to again. I do not believe that our flying suffered by it.

The average age of the flying-Officers of the Squadron was extremely young. At the age of twenty-one I was one of the older observers of the Squadron, the average age for observers being between nineteen and twenty. All the pilots were in their early twenties. Our commanding-officer, a Major, who gave us our orders and who stood between us and the wrath to come of the higher authorities, was looked up to as a man of advancing years and almost Methuselec wisdom. Working back now to get his age in retrospect, I find that he must have been about twenty-eight.

Unlike an English infantry battalion, an R.F.C. or R.A.F. Mess would always be enlivened by the presence of Colonials. Between a third and a half of our officers were Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans. They taught

to play poker and baseball, and to speak their lingo that we hitherto only known in Wild West romances. In addition providing some of its most magnificent pilots and observers, Colonials provided some of the best company in the Flying Corps.

A last example of the distinguished consideration that could be shown to junior Flying Officers by their superiors :—a few weeks before the end of the war, I was sent home (by routine) to do a pilot's course in England. After several hundred hours of flying, tradition allowed me a fortnight's leave to begin with. I reported at the Air Ministry, and was given the usual leave-chit, ending "will report at 9 a.m. at Reading a fortnight from to-day's date". The day happened to be Monday. The Ministry staff officer that I was interviewing noted this fact, I added of his own accord :—"Oh, I shouldn't worry about '9 a.m.'—midday will be quite good enough". Behold a miracle ! A high staff-officer had bothered to work out for himself that the "9 a.m." at Reading would either mean catching a train in the dawn, or else missing the last Sunday flight of one's leave. The Air Ministry treated its corps of officers humanly, and, one presumes to say, got devoted service in return for it.

One left the Service at the end of the war with feelings not only of respect but of genuine pride and love.

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### EARLY SUMMER, 1939

Twenty-one years later—never, in the interval, having been in an aircraft nor near a Service aerodrome. The R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve had been formed. I and a group of three senior officers, all of them senior to me—one of them had been a Lieut.-Colonel and a Wing-Commander, another of them a Major—found ourselves ordered to report in uniform at an Air Force Station somewhere for training. All of us had been re-gazetted as Pilot-Officers—the equivalent of 2nd-Lieutenant in the Army, the lowest of commissioned ranks. Being over forty years of age, we were unlikely to be called upon to fly modern three-hundred-mile-an-hour machines. But with the complexity of the modern organization, many staff-

officers and administrative officers were likely to be needed. We were to get a little training for this.

One noted first the differences—in this nostalgic return to the Service, half Dumas' "Twenty Years After", half Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth".

The differences were important. The speed of machines had changed out of all recognition. A machine on which I did my whole flying-time in France, called an R.E.8, could do an honest 70 M.P.H. The slowest machines on the station now do double this, and the fastest can multiply it by nearly five.

The standard of piloting has changed out of all recognition. We, the veterans, were taken up by courtesy on a Guard Honour flight when the King's ship steamed past the Needles. The day was a foul one for formation flying—low clouds, rain, low visibility, and very bumpy. The machines took off in—to me—almost breathless proximity, circled, turned, dived, their patrol in mathematical formation, turned, wheeled and landed, still, as it seemed, tied together with a piece of thread. Only those who had done many hundred hours flying could know what brilliance of skill and training went to the making of this exhibition. (The Squadron pilots themselves, treating the whole thing as routine, made nothing of it).

I am aware that Air Force peace-time training is very different from war-time training. In the war, my own particular pilot had done fifteen hours solo flying in an aircraft when he came over to France (certain other pilots had done less). A moderately qualified R.A.F. pilot does something like 150 hours in the air before he ever gets posted to his Squadron. My point is not that he should be much better trained, but that he certainly is.

Beyond this, the similarities were much more important than the differences. Once again one was back in a Service that possessed its own "discipline without discipline". I had suggested that the standard of flying was beyond all praise. The keenness of the officer personnel is exemplary. Judging from Mess gossip it seemed that the worst punishment that a young officer could receive was to be forbidden to fly for a week or a fortnight, and to be condemned to do ground-jobs instead. The keenness among the mechanics and aircraftsmen equalled that. One of the crack pilots of the Station told me that he cou-

en go round the hangars late in the evening, when the hangars  
re technically closed, and find little groups of aircraftsmen  
l, without orders and without extra pay, working on  
orrow's aircraft. It was their intense technical pride that  
t them at it.

Once again one was among Colonials, Canadians, South  
icans, Australians, New Zealanders, forming about a half  
a third of the Mess, and bringing their easy goodfellowship  
th them.

Once again one was back in a Service that was encouraged to  
all the fun that it could once the days jobs were over. The  
tion had its own cricket-ground and its own tennis-courts,  
d its own sailing-boat.

We left, after a week that had included a certain amount of  
ensive training, but that had been on the whole more like a  
iday than a job.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SEPTEMBER, 1939

A rapid dash back from the South of France. A few hours  
a darkened Paris, having missed a connection. A few hours  
London, to collect kit and uniform. Back once again, on  
another Air Force Station, during days of Mobilization and  
Declaration of War.

The smell of new-mown grass comes up once again from the  
odrome. It is a huge "mixed" station, with nearly a  
ndred pilots and machines on it—training machines,  
onnaissance machines, bombing machines, fighting machines.  
use the old-fashioned terminology :—nowadays one never  
eaks of "machines"—it is always "aircraft").

Flying is continuous—is not the R.A.F., even though stationed  
England, already "on active Service"? But there are not  
ough machines for everyone to fly all day long, and the  
ng-pong games and the gossip in the Mess are also unceasing.  
e is detached from the world, and knows nothing of the  
est London inside news. Papers arrive a day late. The  
reless gives us something non-committal every few hours.

In the Mess, in these first few days of mobilization and of war,  
e has an excellent opportunity of studying at first hand the

temperament and the temper with which the modern Air Service faces war.

The modern Air Arm is an immensely technical affair, and young as its pilots are, there is not one of them who has not had a year (or years) of intensive technical training and study to arrive where he is—posted to a Squadron as the responsible pilot of a first-line aircraft. I have seen no sign of any of them—even the youngest—taking his responsibilities with anything but the deepest concentration and seriousness. But here again the lightness of touch comes in. The Mess becomes in the evening a place of relaxation. The ping-pong games and the billiard games go on—the tables are almost along-side, and the thoughtful “shots” of the billiard experts are made in competition with the leaping and gesticulating figures of the table-tennis devotees. Jokes are incessant. A little chorale singing is not frowned upon late at night.

One goes to bed at last, sincerely grateful that one is still a member, even a junior member and a ground-member, of a Service that has the greatest traditions in the world—the devotion of self-sacrifice—and the lightness of touch that can go with it.

## RURAL COMMENTARY

BY DESMOND HAWKINS

THAT Sunday, it was fine and warm ; as if defying us to believe the news on the radio. It was the usual Sunday of late summer, and there was no thunder to serve as an omen'. We were in the mood for omens, our ears already tuned to loud iron devastations ; but there was none. The afternoon lay calm and warm and brilliant about the town, and as usual people were walking up and down the High Street as they do on any Sunday when the weather is kind.

And then, suddenly, the town had become a town of women and children. The corner-boys were quenched and diminished, the men had become a minority. Everywhere women and children—the children pursuing their inscrutable purposes, the men lagooned in the silence of their thoughts.

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The feet go slowly up and down the High Street. The sun still contradicting the official bulletins. Three people in burning-black contrast sharply with the gay summer-dresses, and the sight of them takes one unawares.

There is a turning of heads as military lorries go trundling past. Opposite the Methodist chapel a party of soldiers is putting a little square buttress of sand-bags round a harmless-looking gadget that might have been left there by a couple of absent-minded surveyors. A crowd leans on the railings, neighbour nudges neighbour, a voice every now and then disperses,

“ Anti-aircraft gun ”.

The soldiers proceed with the erection of their little shrine by the wayside. They are young, and conscious of the watching world. They move importantly, like footballers.

Aeroplanes are busy overhead. We have become accustomed

to them since the local aerodrome was built, paying no more heed to them than to passing cars. But to-day each one penetrates the nerves, like a dentist's drill.

Up the hill, outside the workmen's cottages, the children are beginning to reassert themselves. An old tennis-ball rolls along the gutter. In one doorway a woman stands weeping her mouth ugly with grief. Someone pats her on the shoulder. The neighbours nudge the strangers and mutter,

"Her man's just now gone. They've called him up, d'you see?"



In the evening people paste brown-paper over the windows they can do without. The more Victorian sort of curtain is exhumed from old trunks in attics. The affluent, the ingenious, the prudent, have already provided blinds, squares of pasteboard wooden contraptions.

The air-raid warning comes like a school-bell at the beginning of a new term. New habits, a new discipline. We drink tea and decide to stay in bed next time until the danger is nearer. The children's indifference startles us into recollection of our own indifference, which astonished our parents twenty-odd years ago. For children, these midnight tea-parties have the glamour which goes with dormitory-feasts in schoolboy novelettes.

A man in a pub knows someone who heard a man describe the debris of three enemy planes near Ipswich. A friend from the coast heard gunfire out at sea. The radio reports all quiet on the home front, and warns us against rumours.

Germany is now knee-deep in pamphlets. Comic songs about Hitler have at last got past the radio censor, after years in the cupboard. People who take three lumps of sugar in their tea find it a little embarrassing to say so. There is no shortage, of course, but the hostess thinks jealously of the reserve stock she has stored away.

New habits, a new discipline.



The London immigrants are settling down. The children have discovered the swings on the common, the broad lawns on

the public gardens. Their immemorial games are played over again in unfamiliar streets, until the corner wall and the white or-step can be visualized by memory at night in bed. And Harry learns that Peggy is now at number 17 up the hill and not the old address at Tottenham.

If the first train that brought them had contained the world's front-page celebrities, we could hardly have provided a more impressive reception. Every sort and colour of local bus was lined up outside the station. The uniforms of nurses stood out among the waiting crowd. People came running down their gardens to wave and stare over the railway embankment, as the long train drew in. The Londoner, astounding in rumour and caricature, is no longer a legend in these parts.

In outlying villages groups of cockneys stand at the crossroads, waiting for something to happen. A few have already gone back home, stunned by the rural silence, the absence of shops and cinemas, the oil-lamps. In the town they herd together on the pavement and take up their interminable conversation where they left it off in the backstreets of London. A jewess of vast dimensions, with stockings rolled below the knee, pedals a groaning bicycle up the High Street. The town, so the natives tell each other, is not what it was. The great empty mansion by the war-memorial has come to life again. Its doors are unboarded, its sour rooms filled with children unfit for billetting in private houses. The partly demolished greenhouse has a circumstantial air.

Three evacuated women stand chatting outside the Co-op. Two of them are cross-eyed, which gives their companion an unexpected distinction. They are comparing their own favourite methods of disposing of Hitler. One is prepared to cook him a complicated and reliably lethal dinner. The second votes for acid poisoning. "That's it", she says, "red lead". And she adds reflectively, "Painful, that is".

The third, the one with normally synchronized eyes, has no immediate plan. "Let 'im wait", she says. "No 'urry. Keep 'im in suspense, see? It's the waitin' an' wonderin' as does '".

They nod their heads and laugh. The two cross-eyed women move away, one of them calling back,

"Cheerio. See you at the pictures. If they show one of them war-pictures I'll scream an' come out".

"That's right. Don't want it all the time, do you?"

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These ingenious and resourceful ladies would have pleased Mr. Jarvis, whose invention is of a rustic crudity. No cooked dinners, however unwholesome, in Mr. Jarvis's plan ; and no red lead either. Mr. Jarvis's mind does not turn aside to contemplate such refinements as that. His plan is simplicity at its simplest.

"The only solution I can see", said Mr. Jarvis, "is to exterminate them all. Wipe them right out. Divide the country up among the other nations. A bit here, a bit there"—Mr. Jarvis's hands carved the air in liberal slices—"and wipe Germany off the map".

"But Mr. Jarvis", I said, "it is a large nation ! You can't massacre people by the million."

"I know, it's very difficult." Mr. Jarvis, like the Walrus, can shake his head very sorrowfully and sympathetically. "Very difficult indeed. But what are you to do ? Can you tell me that, Mr. H. ? This Prussian spirit can't be allowed to go on. We're too soft-hearted, that's our trouble. We should have finished them off last time. That's what a soldier said to me, after the Armistice."

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So far the soldiers have not said much this time. They are most vocal at the local cinema. Our first wartime film is one of Boris Karloff's Frankenstein horrors, and the young soldiers like to shout suitable jokes at the screen. But with all respect to Mr. Karloff, the high spot of the show is the news-reel, which is weeks old and therefore pre-war. It contains one supremely ludicrous line, three words making a grotesque echo from a past epoch.

'IF WAR COMES' says the news-reel, and the audience goes into a pandemonium of laughter and catcalls and cheers.

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Outside the cinema it is completely dark. No light shows anywhere. No street-lamp, no lighted window. The black-out perfect. We grope our way into the house, decide not to itch on the hall-light.

New habits, a new discipline.

War has come, we say, no doubt about that. One no longer expects the dream to pass, the absurd nightmare to dissolve laughter ; as Karloff might laugh, washing away make-believe errors. This is reality. Our senses begin to collect the evidence, these momentary scenes and fragments of conversation ; and War spreads through the mind like a stain.

## YOUTH OF INDIA AT BAY

BY BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

LAKES of saffron-hued water stretched from skyline to skyline across leagues of cornfield, suffocating the tender shoots as under an enormous blanket. But the steel track of the East Bengal Railway ran unimmersed. Men, women, cattle, poultry, huddled by the lines. Homes—whole villages—had toppled before the fury of the Padma river in flood.

A long shabby train picked its way along the strip of upland, too self-aware before the hungry stares of the unsheltered, and clanged up to a wayside station. A youth, barely out of his teens, peered through a window. He caught sight of a figure shivering on the platform, a Bengali boy about his own age, unclothed save for some scanty dripping rags, gentle-featured, middle class marked on the pinched young-old face. The youth in the train stared. Then tears darted behind his lashes, and he suppressed them by thrusting his lower lip between clenched teeth. Quickly he slipped off his shawl and shirt, stepped to the boy on the platform and with humble diffidence offered him the apparel. The spectacle of miles of homeless peasants squatted on the railway embankment had stirred pity, but the sight of a single sufferer of a higher class roused bitter misery. Class sympathy must be thicker than philanthropy !

Three years later, that pale lean youth who wept at the poverty of a fellow-student was sent to the gallows on a charge of murder. Pistol in hand, he had attacked an Englishman and shot him down, mistaking him for a high Government official.

Political passions dyed by sentimentality have long dominated the mind and action of Young India, but they have now been mellowed, soothed, by the Constitution Act. The spirit of 'Terrorism' is gone (or so it seems). The present youth problem is concerned with a deep restlessness imposed by social forms, education and the technique of day-to-day living.

The central figure on the scene is the Indian University student, representing chiefly the Indian middle class in the most changeful moments of its history, and he has to be visioned as struggling in a kind of social crucible. He grew up in a home atmosphere of which the composition, until to-day, has been unvaried from century to century. He learned to revere his parents and a host of elders, often to take the dust from their feet, never to indulge in argument or criticism, always to offer unquestioned obedience. He ran errands, learned entire textbooks by rote, seldom read a newspaper or a children's magazine or a novel—novels would corrupt his morals—and shot up into a stripling whose personality had been all but crushed in the formative stage.

Then the mere act of passing the matriculation examination opens the road to an unexpected freedom. The pattern of college life in India is very much unlike the life at elementary or secondary school. There is better co-operation between teacher and pupil. The college teachers are often well qualified, intelligent, sympathetic, prepared to look upon their students as human creatures and not as dumb-driven animals; while teachers at school, miserably paid, fatigued by long hours of work which leave no time for private study, suffering all the ills of a low standard of living, are often embittered and liable to vent their feelings in an emphasis on discipline. Happily, the bulk of the middle class youth in India are sent up in time to the university and remain there until they take a degree. (In fact, of Indians who are educated at all, a larger percentage go on to institutions of higher learning than of secondary students in any other country.) College is no mere supplement to school. Here the pupil unlearns much of what he mislearned before—especially English pronunciation, grammar and style. Here, for the first time, he has the chance of grasping the essentials of true knowledge. Intelligence is at last rated higher than memory.

Bewildered by this sudden access of freedom, the university student steps warily through the first few weeks, steps into the wonderland of a new tradition. And, as he adjusts himself to college life and feels the pull between this and the home atmosphere he had so long breathed, something screams out

within him, and a quiet timid boy who never dared look his elders in the face has turned into a bold rebel. There are kindred souls about, tossed by the same inner storm, and a quick bond is built among them all. Boys who feel, even if vaguely, the need of an ideal, draw together and stride along toward the same goal.

This idealism is perhaps more noticeable in the Indian student than in his counterpart elsewhere. It is at once a blemish and a virtue. It takes the youth away from realities, feeds the romantic strain in him, makes him write sheaves of poetry (are there many Indian students who never wrote verses?) and produces often a certain effeminacy, a shrinking from the hard facts of life. On the other hand, it sharpens the mind and smooths the flow of imagination. A marked trait of the Indian student is his keen pleasure in intellectual discussion. He talks of religion, books, art, politics, world personalities, talks with an absorption that might seem exaggerated, wielding words as if they were swords. Youths of no other nation, I believe, are so fond of serious argument.

He displays a cosmopolitan taste in literature, but his favourite authors in fiction seem to be Russian and Norwegian : Tolstoy, Dostoievski, Turgenev, Maxim Gorky, Johan Bojer, Knut Hamsun, are in the lead. The melancholy vein, the sense of tragedy and tears grimly suppressed, running through nearly all Russian literature up to the NEP period, makes a special appeal to his mind, which is deeply emotional in spite of two thousand years of *Maya* philosophy, the doctrine that nothing transient matters.

It should, however, be stressed that even if the recent literature of England does not warm up the Indian student's enthusiasm (apart from Shaw and H. G. Wells), he has a rooted love of the English language, which is still his sole medium of communication with European culture. The teaching of English started in India under missionary auspices in the early years of the past century. The pupils, to begin with, learned little but terminology. In giving them certificates the missionary teachers noted the number of English words they had acquired. Indian boys tested one another's knowledge by the spelling of such words as Xerxes and Nebuchadnezzar. A change was ushered

with the founding by Ram Mohan Roy, in 1817, of the Hindu College in Calcutta. The object was definitely to promote Western education. Then the Government itself resolved to disseminate Western learning in preference to Sanskrit in order, as its spokesman Macaulay said, to create a class of Indians "English in taste, opinions, morals and intellect".

A century of English education bore fruits both sweet and sour. The gain of a common language was allied with the further gain of ideas of liberty and equality, which had an explosive effect on the country's social consciousness. The Hindu College, the pioneer of Westernism in India, was the earliest home of democratic movements. It was also a herald of progressive social thought, denouncing caste and reorientating the Hindu view of life. This was the beginning of a new tradition. Colleges all over India to-day echo with the cries that first rose a hundred years ago in the debating halls of the Hindu College.

On the other hand, English, as the medium of general instruction, imposed heavy burdens on the student, strained his receptive power to the breaking point and gave his thought processes a quaint artificiality. (Significantly, the student-poets have often sighed over the melody of the nightingale, which they have never heard or seen, ignoring the familiar *kokil*!) Further, it threw the Indian vernaculars under a cloud. The purity of speech was gone. Not many Indians to-day can speak even a few sentences in their own tongue without English words copiously interspersed. Technical terminology in Indian languages is still undeveloped. The situation promises to improve with the growth of vernacular daily journalism, and far-reaching results will follow the recent decision of India's premier university, Calcutta University, with an enrolment of 20,000 students, to make Bengali its language of instruction. The Benares Hindu University has already made Hindi optional with English for certain subjects. If other universities follow this lead—India to-day boasts seventeen of them—the local languages will speed on the road of progress, and each Indian literature will be enriched.

Yet the student will not accept this essential reform without regret. Nostalgia will seize him. After so many decades of

English learning, he feels very much at home in that tongue. He has acquired a keen taste for its delicacy and vigour, its range of expression and genius. He uses it verbosely, with abundant decorative effects which are alien to modern prose style. Yet on the whole his grasp over the foreign language is remarkable. It will, however, be long years before India has a generation of university students with text-books on chemistry and political science and psychology in their own local tongues.

A new source of Young India's unrest is co-education, which is winning fresh ground every day. Convention has set up a steel bar that holds the two sexes apart even in college, and has been overcome only in a few institutions, such as Tagore's Santiniketan. But, as the years pass, the steel bar will bend and finally break. Co-education on a large scale is of recent origin. The winds of political movements since 1919 played havoc with *purdah*, and as grown-up girls marched out with boys there arose a new outlook, a fresh orientation of woman's social utility. Well-placed youths proclaimed their preference for college girls, and the matrimonial columns of newspapers had insertions such as this :

"Wanted—a handsome, healthy, educated bride, graduate or undergraduate preferred, . . . for a young man of respectable family, well-settled in life. Dowry no consideration."

Since education became a part substitute for dowry, even conservative parents have manifested a change of attitude.

The advent of the other sex in class rooms brightened the design of college life. The dreary atmosphere of lecture halls tortured by the droning of professors became charged with electricity. There was little communication between the boys and girls. But minds were in a state of tension. A passing glance, the shadow of a smile, the twist of an arched eyebrow, made up an eloquent language. The boys, imaginative, fed on romanticism, were deeply stirred. The mere presence of the girls was an attack on their emotions. The student-poets wrote hymns on intellectual beauty. Others, more practical, strained to strike up an acquaintance. Sometimes a friendship matured into love, which sought fulfilment in marriage. Then the placid flow of life became a whirlpool of bewildering problems.

The hidden rock for Hindu India is caste. The students themselves have little regard for it, since they look upon it as a

useless survival of a system that once served a historic purpose. The parents do not think on the same lines. Those liberal ideas might have moved them in their younger days, but the passage of years has sunk their feet deep in the conservative groove. The thought that their son would select a bride for himself is abominable enough. That he should want to marry a girl of a different taste is unthinkable. Not only must the partners be of the same caste, but the horoscopes have to tally. If the stars disapprove, the negotiations come to an end. For centuries the professional match-maker has been an intermediary between the parties with son and daughter. Even to-day "enlightened" parents seek the aid of matrimonial bureaux which have prosperous offices in large cities, or put an advertisement in the newspapers. Normally, this conventional arrangement of marriage goes well. But when, in defiance of the customary way, two young persons of different caste have set their hearts on each other, tragedy waits round the corner. There have been instances where such an attraction has led to suicide. Suicide of this sort is indeed not a common occurrence, yet it is a portent, a sign of romanticism, wounded by the harsh facts of life, bringing into self-dissolution as a protest against social injustice.

It is hard for the parents, too. They have made splendid sacrifices so that their sons might pass through college, denying themselves all little luxuries, even many necessities. A college education in India, cheap as it is, cannot be achieved for less than Rs. 2,000 at the minimum, and that—for India—is a large sum. Then bitterly the parents realize that this sacrifice has been in vain. Their sons have drifted far from the traditional culture. They do not understand each other. The Time-Spirit has broken bonds that used to be unassailable, sacred.

One problem, however, outstrips all else, the economic problem. The freshman in college is given to dreams and fancies. These fade and vanish in the fourth year. Soon he will be taking the degree. What then? He must earn a living. How? Government service. There is little else that promises security. Law and medicine are packed professions. They are not much use unless one has, in the first few years of practice, some independent source of income. The number of openings for

the student trained in some special branch of science is constantly growing, to be sure, but so does the number of such students grow, and a graduate well trained in science is lucky to get a post paying Rs. 75 a month. Every country has, of course, been faced with the problem of "white collar" unemployment in recent years, but perhaps this is more acute in India than anywhere else in the world.

So the college student in the advance classes, if he has a practical turn of mind, strives to earn the qualifications which may lead him to Government service. (The bureaucratic administration commands a vast patronage, much of which is exercised, for example in England, by public bodies). He tries to win laurels on the hockey field with an eye to the future benefit. He works hard to get the secretaryship of one of the college societies. He makes himself a calculating machine and designs his life accordingly, always thinking of the service. Yet when he has come out of college, having taken his B.A. or M.A. degree, he may find that all has been wasted effort. The graduates form a vast reservoir of cheap labour. There are a scramble for a petty clerkship at Rs. 40 a month. Recently it was reported that a newly-created Government post on a salary of Rs. 250, evoked over 10,000 responses. (Each applicant had to make a payment of Rs. 5, so that the "fees" thus collected were enough to meet the salary of the single successful candidate for some years! These application fees, a normal feature of nearly all the public services, are an immense hardship for the unemployed).

What happens to the lucky youth who secures work? He marries, settles down, has children. In twenty years perhaps he has sons who must be admitted into college, daughters who must soon be given in marriage. College fees are heavier than ever before, and dowry is an ugly spot on the Hindu marriage system. The clerk who has lived from hand to mouth may now be drawing Rs. 60 a month. How to meet the heavy obligations? The question has echoed maddeningly in tens of thousands of minds. There is no answer.

Is the mass production of graduates all wrong, then? Is it simply the means of expanding and perpetuating middle class unemployment? It might be suggested that a good number of

udents ought to pass into technical institutions. But the engineering line is over-crowded, and unless the pace of India's industrialization is hurried it will be futile to replace ordinary graduates by technicians. As for any "back to the land" solution, that is out of the question in India, where millions of peasants are already struggling to maintain themselves on the available acreage. Meanwhile, before they begin to look down to the black depths, why should not the students at least live some years of peace, and enrich their minds by the pursuit of knowledge? Even if the university is a stepping-stone to employment, it gives mental training and an enlightened outlook, the need of which can by no means be denied.

What wonder that the Indian student to-day is not only a ardent nationalist, but is increasingly leaning to Socialism, hich is the gospel of only a minority on the National Congress? e expects leadership not so much from Mahatma Gandhi, as from Jawaharlal Nehru, whose Left tendencies, zeal for mechanized industry and human rather than ascetic ideals appeal to his imagination. ("I dislike the praise of poverty and suffering", Jawaharlal Nehru has written in a criticism of Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of life; "I do not think they are all desirable. Nor do I appreciate the ascetic life as a social ideal, though it may suit some individuals. Nor . . . in the least the idealization of the 'simple peasant life'. I have almost horror of it"). Looking upon the two leaders, the student feels an aloof admiration for one, a soul kinship with the other.

Great movements have washed over the universities of India in the past decade. Economic discontent is said to have caused these demonstrations. That is probably not the whole truth. The picturesque wave of nationalism has rolled over many parts of Asia, and students in China and Japan, Turkey, Egypt and Syria have forcefully exhibited their avowed political aims. It seems to be an unmistakable sign of the times, a too-mark on the twentieth century.

## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

**I**F, as some writers have suggested, an ironic demiurge planned the long drama of human affairs, and watches a pageant played out with ebb and flow of emotion, with mounting climaxes of triumph or defeat, how he must have applauded his own invention through all the scenes of the last twenty years! Men had fought, not insincerely and without regard of any cost, in order to give the world justice and freedom; they thought in terms of nations they had revived nations, they had restored ancient frontiers—not without obliterating other boundary marks that had stood for generations. Yet not one of the enfranchised nationalities had respect in justice for any freedom but its own. The Czechs were in a sense the keystone of the whole structure and, internally, as a nation, they showed themselves admirable but externally, they denied, in their own imagined interest Austria's claim to bring back her former sovereign; they grabbed at Teschen when Poland was on the point of being overrun by the Bolshevik forces; and so on two sides the keystone lost all power to bind and unite. Nations are not unlike human beings, but the human faults are exaggerated in them, and national vindictiveness, national grasping at the utmost of gain, made the nations deaf to ordinary motives of self-preservation.

Czechs the Keystone  
Keystone

Every State in Central Europe knew that its very existence was endangered by German ambitions—indeed, those ambitions were proclaimed in every marketplace; they knew that safety could be had by union among themselves, yet there was no union, because none would make concessions. Men behaved like that, but seldom with such recklessness; the demiurge calculated rightly that in any mass the vices would outweigh the virtues, and folly master reason. Austria was swallowed

; Poland and Czechoslovakia remained on worse terms than ever ; the Czechs relied on help from the Western democracies, which only great forethought would have prompted them to make ready, and only great self-sacrifice would have made them bold. The pinch came and the help did not come ; the whole offensive structure crumbled and Poland was left assailable on all flanks. Help was promised now, but could only take the form of a threat that if Germany attacked, it would be worse for Germany in the long run ; for neither the English arm nor the French could reach to Poland. Only one power could intervene to protect immediately the victim immediately marked down. Thus by a superbly ironic combination the dramatist had so planned the play of forces that Hitler, with Mussolini as a not so active second, made Russia the arbiter of Europe ; and who could overstate the artistic enjoyment which a detached spectator must have felt when Stalin, sued by both camps, decided to stretch out a hand for Hitler to grasp with enthusiasm ?

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We do not yet know the striking power of the democracies or the resisting power of the Siegfried line. We may reasonably hope that a widely spread liking in Italy for both France and England, and a still more pervading dislike of Germans, will deter Mussolini from any active part—from which his strong Latin good sense will also hold him back. But we can be perfectly sure that Stalin will see to it that Germany is not short of anything that Russia can supply (and, except rubber, what cannot Russia furnish ?) so long as Germany can pay for it—and perhaps a little longer, by some tremendous mortgage. In any case the time may come when Russia can decide the war simply by refusing to supply further. It seems improbable that Stalin could desire to see Germany victorious ; but even if she had won after such a struggle, Russia, unexhausted, could impose terms concerning her Western frontier far more rigorous than the Treaty of Versailles contained about France's eastern flank, and would be most unlikely to allow modification of them, such as was tolerated in those last years along the Rhine.

It is a grim outlook, for Germany, if victorious, will be intolerable

Stalin's  
Part

and if defeated and in revolution, will be a plague spot in Europe ; but the only thing to do is to achieve the upper hand ; and one cannot but admire the temper of England. 1914 was a surprise to me and to most of us ; 1939 is what we expected, only much better. English people know now what war is ; there is no shouting enthusiasm ; they do what they are told to do almost as quietly as if they were French, which is remarkable, since they have not France's continuous experience of military organization. Yet things are being done now, and taken as a matter of course, that were never attempted before in the world's history ; all this evacuation of crowded areas is chief of them. Of course it has been attended with some hitches ; war means two things : mud and muddle ; mud is not always there but muddle never can be absent from the complete derangement of so intricate a social machinery. Evacuated human beings are overflowing with human nature, which does not mean the same thing as human virtues. Belgians also were not seen at their best when they came over in 1914, a swarm of huddling humanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Further, there is now what did not exist in 1914, a means of issuing orders and instructions simultaneously to all parts of

**Broadcast Commands** the kingdom ; and I think that the power of broadcasting is a temptation to organize too much.

No doubt we shall learn to have our gas masks with us in places where they are likely to be wanted—and when they are wanted they will be wanted very badly, for eyesight as well as lungs are in danger and can be protected ; no doubt also we shall learn not to fuss at people for not having them in the depths of the country, where no one is likely to waste a bomb.

Whether the promise given by Hitler not to use gas unless it is used against him will be kept, depends, of course, on a German view of Germany's advantage. I judge that view by the report brought back some years ago by an able doctor who had visited Germany to attend some course, and, speaking German fluently, had much talk with educated Germans. There was only one point, he said, on which all agreed ; Germany had lost the last war by not being ruthless enough. It looks as if that principle was acted on, when the first stroke was sinking an unarmed vessel without warning and firing (though ineffectively)

disable its wireless. It must have been guessed that Americans in numbers would be on board; but the German commander, obeying the law of *Schrecklichkeit*, disregarded everything but the chance to inspire terror. Ruthless also and reckless has been the lying about it; they lie impudently and are not who knows it. Equally characteristic has been the English first blow when planes flew over German territory dropping leaflets by the million. If I were a Pole, I should not be sure that bombs would not have been likelier to relieve the pressure on an ally attacked by overwhelming air forces. But this is a question of psychology, like the use of ruthlessness, and English judgment is not inferior to the German.

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An Irishman may be thankful for the restraint of the English less about Ireland's attitude. Sir Abe Bailey in an admirably

**Ireland's Attitude** genial letter to the *Times* has testified to the goodwill which he knows to underlie General Herzog's policy, and that of his associates. He understands their difficulties. But South Africa can act as a whole and General Smuts is now in charge—facing local difficulties which every Irishman can well appreciate. If Ireland had been similarly in a position to decide as a whole, I think that Ireland could have decided in the same way, by a comparable majority. Ireland had possessed—but this is much to ask—any statesman

General Smut's eminence and record, I should be sure that he would now be in command. As it is, we have Lord Craigavon and Mr. de Valera, and both have acted as all could foresee.

But anyone who troubles to read these lines may be invited to remember that at the crisis of last September, Mr. de Valera

Geneva gave the most ardent support to Mr. Chamberlain's action, and it is certain that his admiration for the English statesman was cordial and sincere. No less certainly one may presume that his detestation of the flagrant breach of faith which followed is not less than even Mr. Chamberlain's; and that like General Herzog he will go as far in support of the democracies as he conceives to be compatible with the interests of the Ireland for which he speaks. The naval bases manned by British troops will be as much at the disposal of the British Navy as General Herzog proposed that Simonstown should be. And,

frankly, if Mr. de Valera took any step that seemed to be helping Hitler, he would not be long in office. A fortnight before war began, a lady in Dublin coming back from Mass, asked her taxi-driver if he was going to the war—for already there was a steady flow across channel to the British recruiting offices. “Not yet”, he said; “I have a wife and children”. “Why do you want to go?” “I would like well to have a shot at Hitler”. That, broadly speaking, is the attitude of Ireland. There is, of course, the residuum which approve the actions of the I.R.A.; and what matters more, there is among practically all the men who sit or are likely to sit in the Dail, memory of the denunciations which they have never ceased to heap on the memory of John Redmond, who in their opinion gave so much for so little. Thousands will fight, as they have fought in all British wars, but this time they will not have, as they had in the last, a hope to gain serviceable credit for Ireland. Except indeed in Ulster, where Mr. de Valera’s policy enables Lord Craigavon to stake out again the claim which an Ulster division so memorably established on the Somme.

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Jews, with the wisdom of their race, have put aside the Palestinian dispute, and promise (no small thing), the help of

**Jewry Decides** Jewry—which will not be in men only. Of men there will be no shortage. Australia and New Zealand are preparing to send again soldiers whose predecessors in the last war had no superior in any army. Canada in addition to her own resources can count on so many Poles as with an expected influx from the United States should furnish at least a full Polish division. A Czech legion in France is already on foot, with a glorious example to imitate. One thing is worth remembering: Hitler has been compared to Napoleon, but where Napoleon conquered, he found the material for devoted regiments—nowhere more than in Poland. Hitler’s only message to the Czechs is a threat of savage collective punishments, the only promise which he may be expected to keep. He does not count, as Napoleon could count, on appealing to the imagination or to a sense of benefits conferred.

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Even *inter arma* the Muses should be heard ; and all who care for poetry will find rich interest in the little posthumous volume "Last Poems and Two Plays", where the work of Yeats is (as it has been so often) hand-printed by his sisters at the Cuala Press. Not

**W. B.  
Yeats**

ite sixty pages ; but the whole man is there—as the whole man was not yet, say, in "The Wind among the Reeds". Yeats had grown like an oak tree : I think of Tennyson as a lime, towering up into a shapely pyramid ; the lone oak turns knotty and rugged with years, it bears marks of rough weather. Yeats in his last years, one might say, cultivated roughness ; often in this book there is a deliberate coarseness of speech. Since he declared (long ago now) that "there is more enterprise in walking naked", he had chosen to show much that other writers have discreetly concealed—especially an old man's preoccupation with sensuality. I don't know that I like these passages ; but like them or not, here as everywhere, what a writer ! He cuts his thought out of granite—or say rather, the grey Galway limestone, which can polish like marble. One sees so here how his imagination was haunted by the surprise of "Nineteen Sixteen". Three years before the War, he had written "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, it's with O'Leary to the grave" ; and then came this passionate adventure of young men, many of whom were known to him ; a verse here given to "the first man shot that day"—one of the minor actors in the Abbey Theatre. By all his instincts he had been drawn more and more to the aristocratic Ireland of "hard-riding country gentlemen", and away from political movements, largely led by country shopkeepers and country attorneys ; suddenly, he was called back to the ragged standard of revolt, which had no use for reasonings, and which his own work had upheld.

"Did that play of mine send out  
Certain men the English shot?"

I lost assuredly it was a potent influence with them. Yeats never was popular in Ireland, his poetry appealed only to the few ; but they were the few that mattered. Looking back, he seems to me by far the greatest Irishman since Parnell, who was to him a legend and an example. He himself has in his

turn become an example. Ireland counts for more because of him ; he has educated the mind of Ireland—and never ignobly. Other poets and writers of Irish birth owe to him the chance of a wider hearing ; they owe also what they have learnt from the discipline of his work. Two of them, Seumas O'Sullivan and Austin Clarke, both of them bookmen as well as poets, have begun to bring out a series of " Tower Press booklets " in which for half-a-crown you can buy a sufficient sample of their own work, or the work of Padraic Colum, or of Lyle Donaghy (a follower of Mr. Eliot's, though working on Gaelic themes)—and of one or two new prose writers. It is all stronger work than was produced in Ireland forty years ago, when Yeats and A. E. had begun to be models. But what was produced even then had already begun to redeem Ireland from the reproach of having no poetry in the ordinarily spoken tongue, except Moore's Melodies and some rhetorical balladry.

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## PERSONAL NARRATIVES

By HELEN SIMPSON

ON UPON GODSHILL, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.  
WAY OF LIVING, by James Bridie. Constable. 8s. 6d.  
EEN WORLDS, by Maurice Hindus. Collins. 12s. 6d.

These autobiographies appear at a moment when it is difficult to think of them as individuals; yet such books provide most necessary reading for the times and for those of us who believe that by the individual comes salvation. These three men's minds offer some sort of assurance that the deadly weight of the mass shall not prevail, that here and there the leaven still working which leaveneth the whole world.

Take Mr. Priestley first, "a popular author who considers himself not quite good as most of his readers think he is but a damn sight better than the remainder imagine", writing in a room whose view I know by heart. He is primarily concerned to paint a portrait, though the book purports to be a chapter of autobiography. He sets the stage—tobacco, a fire, bare elms outside, the rain creeping nearer over the downs—for what is in effect the sort of good rambling talk that such a man among friends provokes. You are present, the various chapters being the responses to our questions.

Everyone, whether approving of him or not, wants to ask Mr. Priestley questions. "How did you feel when you took on that part in your own play?" "What is Dunne really getting at with his theory of time?" Well, here are the answers, and with them the portrait of a man whose imagination, not his famous Yorkshire shrewdness, is the driving power in his life. This is the quality which allows him to write in chapter 13 an analysis of the English character which ought to be etched on sheets of platinum and buried where the archaeologist of the year 3000 cannot fail to find it, with a caption: This is what we were like when we stood on God's Hill before the Deluge came down.

Mr. Bridie has no chapter that I could wish to etch on platinum. Some recollection of the Scottish dialect informs me that a bridie is a sort of meat pastry to be eaten hot; *One Way Of Living* lacks meat, is curiously luke warm. Some flavour is there, it is all as Scotch as a haggis (a dish, by the way, which has travelled from England north) but I miss in this record the provocative spice of its author's plays. He displays himself to his readers as a kind of Sleeping Clergyman, drowsing through life, but one way and another getting a lot done. There are moments

of grave delight, as when he describes his invention of certain traditional habits for Students of Glasgow University, now being traced back to the fifteenth century by historically minded persons. There are moments when the author shows what he could have done had he taken to criticising plays instead of writing them ; his page or two on Barrie rings the metal of that genius on the right counter. There is a lecture on women which will displease all of that sex who maintain that they have an equal right with men to grow beards. There are good stories galore.

All the same, something lacks, and I believe the reason to be this ; that Mr. James Bridie is not at his happiest with facts. The dramatist in him long ago got the doctor down, and now is more than a match for the auto-biographer. He has decorated this story of his life with insertions of fantasy ; the publisher has set these in italics so as to warn the reader that it is only Mr. Bridie's fun ; but it is evident that only in these pages has Mr. Bridie enjoyed his job. The rest is dictated by conscience, sensibly, humorously, at so much per word. A phrase from Goldsmith may serve as tail-piece : "There is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence."

Mr. Maurice Hindus' book, *Green Worlds*, is, as he says himself, far more than a personal narrative. Yet for the reasons given in my first paragraph the personal narrative is that which at this moment the reader anxiously assesses. Here is a man who having lived in a Russian village goes straight from it to an American village. How do the two compare ? It is inevitable

that we should try to guess from such data how these great civilizations will react to the stresses which await them and us. And here is a guide who not only has worked with his hands both, but is a distinguished artist. He sees the steel plough opening up Russian life as surely as it tears Russian soil apart, delivering the people from age-old primary tyrannies—famine, the brutality inevitable when whole populations stand poised on the very verge of subsistence.

The symbol of this new life is the tractor. America has long settled down to its use, Russia experiments still. And the effect in Russia has been to bind the people more passionately than ever to their land from which, now, "no war, whether civil or international, however lengthy or disastrous, can uproot them ". In America, where one result of its activities has been the Dust Bowl, it is less evident that the tractor is wholly a blessing. M. Hindus does not say this. He takes short views, draws no moral, is content to write with simplicity and a good heart of the two Green Worlds he has known. It is not for a man of such integrity and kindness to speculate on the processes in which so much of mankind is now involved, of "turning the green over red".

#### SECURITY : CAN WE RETRIEVE IT?

by Sir Arthur Salter, M.P. *Macmillan*  
8s. 6d.

#### PEACEFUL CHANGE (International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation)

There can be no one in the public life of this country who touches life at so many points as Sir Arthur Salter. Professor of political science by title, by vocation economist and student

international organization, with an unsurpassed record of first-hand experience, and, latterly, most sane and knowledgeable of experts on civil service, such a man, one would have thought, must have little time for the composition of a consequential book.

Here is this companion volume to *Discovery*, constructed diligently and fully from a motley pile of building materials. It reveals the author as much an administrator, rather than a political practitioner—concerned predominantly with *administrative reform*, in plans for improvement of our present situation which, however, never leaves the solid earth of established fact. Itself a rare and unusual quality in writers on politics, this intellectual restraint has its obverse side in a certain lack of imaginative warmth.

Sir Arthur is not an exciting writer, but if there are dull stretches in these odd pages there are also memorable sections which deserve to be singled out for commendation. I have known one, for instance, who has so well analysed the passing of our island community (Chapter II. of the first part which is well called 'The Peril and the Prospect'): or who has so vividly defined the nature of the diplomatic game in which "everything is subordinate to the quest for power, all for prestige, its projected shadow", who has so unerringly, yet sympathetically, hit off the character of Mr. Neville Chamberlain—in the special chapter in Part III. devoted to the Home Minister. "He has the defects of his qualities, but he has also the qualities of his defects."

In one of his rare attempts at phrasing, Sir Arthur adopts what he calls a person's violent metaphor about

'hitching our wagon to a star' and goes on :

"Twenty years ago we looked too much at the star and failed to see when the wagon was in danger of falling into a ditch. Now we may be so concerned with getting it out of the ditch that we forget where we want to take it afterwards."

In these words is crystallized the purpose of the book—to consider and survey the dominant issues of the day in the light of a clear vision of our peace aims—and, if need be, as he says, our war aims.

Part I. reveals the background, with some pregnant passages on the fundamental psychological factors operating, without an understanding of which any political discussion is barren. The choice for America, for example, as he says in an admirable phrase, is "between being only a good neighbour or being also a good citizen". *Tout est là*. Part II. traverses familiar ground in an examination of the League of Nations idea and the reasons for its frustration. It is good to have someone of the author's standing pointing out that the failure of Article XIX. of the Covenant is not so much anything inherent in the Inter-State system which was set up in 1919 as "a special instance of the general failure of the post-War policy of the victorious allies". One may strongly disagree with Sir Arthur's continued fidelity to the 'inevitability of gradualness'; yet in his insistence on 'the League' being a system of government, looking ultimately to federation, he is on the side of the angels. And, granted the initial premiss of an intractable State sovereignty, no one can dispute that our immediate problem is not a new international order but to recreate the

political conditions under which such a collective system can function.

In Part III. on 'National Strength' we have Sir Arthur's new and original contribution. This is certainly the most readable section of the book. Afterwards Sir Arthur harks back to his main theme. An impenitent Liberal, hoping "to reach the mood of the German people" he outlines the basis of a General Settlement—including an actual Draft Manifesto of British Policy. Of this, one feels like saying, '*c'est magnifique!* . . .' but the facts being what they are, . . . '*ce n'est pas la paix*'.

Sir Arthur Salter, as a good Liberal, is 'sold' on the idea of peaceful change—with special reference to colonies and trade opportunities, and he still hopes, somehow or other, to secure the collaboration of the revisionist Powers—which is something perilously like begging the question. Happily there lies to hand this massive volume recording the proceedings of the Tenth International Studies Conference, which met in Paris, June 28th—July 3rd, 1937, to collate the results of research on this very question. It is treated under four headings, Procedures, Population, Raw Materials and Colonies. Actually the only section dealing with Procedure appears to be the latter portion of the Introductory Report by Professor Maurice Bourquin, the Conference Rapporteur. This commentary, while dreadfully legalistic in its presentation, does bring out the essential point that 'peaceful change' is not at all a simple concept but a complex, umbrella-term, which may refer to a *legislative act*, a *judgment* (in a court of law) or a *political construction*. Hence the inadequacy of any ready-made solution.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

**THE GOLDEN LOTUS**, translated by Clement Egerton. Routledge. 4 vols. £4 4s.

There can be no doubt about it. If D. H. Lawrence had only had the good fortune to have been a Chinese living and writing in the declining days of the Ming Dynasty he would have been a much happier man. As it is, one cannot help regretting that Time's faulty sense of synchronization precluded us having parallel reviews by him and Havelock Ellis of Mr. Clement Egerton's translation of this sixteenth century novel '*Chin P'ing Mei*'.

There is a legend that the reputed author Wang Shih-chêng poisoned the pages of his manuscript and offered it to his enemy, the Prime Minister Yen Shih-fan, in the hope that he would become so engrossed in the narrative that he would absorb the poison. The veneers of reserve which generations after generation of convention have laid upon us make it seem a delicate point whether this legend is not allegorical.

'The Golden Lotus' relates the awful warning of the lord Hsi-mén's rise, misdeeds, and appropriate end. Although he was only a petty local panjandrum he led a life of such riotous excess that all the vices of the Borgias concentrated into Don Juan or Casanova de Sade would make such a monster seem anaemic. Murder came naturally to him; bribery was a mere sideline; seduction so much a habit that in order to avoid its tedium he had to devise a multiplicity of methods of taking his pleasure. His friends were scroungers and rogues; among his intimates were thugs, brothel denizens and a procuress. His vade-

sum might have been *Les Liaisons dangereuses*.

He paid enough tribute to convention to make a number of the ladies his wives. He had six of them, the Moon Lady, Picture of Grace, Tower of Jade, Beauty of the Snow, Golden Lotus and the Lady of the Vase, and it is in the skill with which the characters of these six women are delineated that the author may claim to have written a masterpiece. One hardly agrees with Cordier that the book sets before us 'a whole company of men and women in all the different situations that arise in social life'. Actually the scope of both their actions and their experience is limited. But they are penetratingly served.

Ostensibly the story centres round the Moon Lady's passion for (among others) the girl Golden Lotus, their murder of her husband, and the long delayed retribution that comes to them with the extinction of Hsi-mén's house and the particularly bloody murder of Golden Lotus by her brother-in-law Wu Sung. There is nothing more entertaining than the naïveté with which the author, after reciting the terrible and sanguinary details of Golden Lotus's death, adds 'This Wu Sung was a violent man'.

Such a superficial view is deceptive. It makes the novel, which runs to some 1,500 pages, seem unbalanced. 'The Golden Lotus' opens and closes with two rushes of action, but the heart of the story will be found in the long, seemingly flat narrative in between. To call it flat is perhaps gracious, for there are lusts in plenty, deeds galore. But they take on a

certain sameness. It is from character rather than from action we must derive pleasure. And although, with one exception, all the characters are completely amoral, not one of them is wholly bad.

The exception is the Moon Lady, Hsi-mén's first and principal wife. She is a delightful mixture of gravity, propriety, expediency and common-sense. She reminds us of what life in a provincial Chinese well-to-do household under the Sung Dynasty was supposed to be. "It is very hard to know what people are really like", she avers, and in part 'The Golden Lotus' is an improvisation on this theme. It is not quite sufficient to agree with another obiter dicta of hers about these scallywags that "They are a rubbishy lot and none of them seems to have any morals".

Without a knowledge of Chinese it is impossible to judge Mr. Egerton's translation. It reads pleasantly and he has avoided preciousness or archaism. Some passages of the novel he has not been able to put into English at all. It is these parts which, alas, may cause 'The Golden Lotus' one day to find itself in that limbo of second-hand booksellers' catalogues—the section 'Curiosa'. If that be its fate there should, in all fairness, be included with each set a Latin dictionary.

JOSEPH SELL

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KEAN, by Giles Playfair. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12s. 6d.

Kean was one of those geniuses of the stage whose art is based on peculiar streaks of personality and owes little to tradition. It is not possible to separate this actor from his background

—his sordid upbringing as a child, his unhappy marriage, and the pathetic decadence of his later life. Suffering and unhappiness made him the great artist that he was, and when all has been said about the shortcomings of his personal life, Kean's figure will always stand out as one of the most brilliant in the annals of the English Theatre.

Those of us who read "My Father's Son", and discerned in that book Mr. Giles Playfair's growing maturity as a biographer, will not be disappointed in his life of Kean. It is a study which combines scholarship with admirable gifts of writing, and more than that, it displays a remarkable sense of intuition into the mind of an erratic genius.

Mr. Playfair has not hesitated to reveal many of the facts about his subject's life off the stage. Too little concentration has, perhaps, hitherto been directed to this aspect in earlier biographies. But it is a marshalling of these very facts, which elucidates the success of the "naturalistic" medium in which Kean presented his many characters to the English stagegoers of the early nineteenth century. Readers will find this book as much a fascinating psychological study as an excursion into the realms of stage annals.

EDWARD LIVEING

**GERMANY'S REVOLUTION OF DESTRUCTION,** by Hermann Rauschning. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.  
**MY YEARS IN GERMANY,** by Martha Dodd. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Herr Rauschning's critique of National Socialism gets more deeply home than any other one has read because it is specifically German. There

is a library of books extant attacking the system from the general human standpoint: there is none which shows so tellingly the corruption of all that is best in Germany which the régime is bringing about. In this corruption there is no matter for surprise, since it is an Austrian who is running the country. Prussianism, which at its best meant a spirit of civil and military duty, has abdicated.

"Our infantry are Cæsars and our officers heroes," said Frederick the Great. One might have expected it the other way about. Frederick's manner of putting it underlines the essence of a German officer's function: he was meant to be non-political and to attend to duty, and in the main that is what he did. "An officer should be crafty," said Field-Marshal Blomberg; an inexpressibly *un-German* saying, implying the abandonment of every standard. Meanwhile the immense apparatus of civilian officials is divided into duplicates in halves whose function it is to spy on each other and whose inefficiency is incredible to anyone who knew the officials of pre-Nazi Germany. The Wilhelmian officials stuck to their duty in 1918 and saved the country from revolution: one cannot imagine the beneficiaries of the present régime doing the like.

Or take a view of the country in its horizontal stratification. It is divided into what Herr Rauschning calls the "élite," and the "atomized" mass: the former unscrupulous, devoid of loyalty to leader, comrade or *Volksgenosse*; the latter nervous, weary, ill-fed, ill-clothed and profoundly dissatisfied: a privileged class ruling so many helots—the very negation of Frederick's *suum cuique*.

at the dark and grained spots which Rauschning reveals in the nature of the régime are of relatively small concern to non-Germans. What is of greatest interest is the conclusion he must draw regarding Germany's foreign policy.

The theory of appeasement was based on the notion that Herr Hitler's ambitions could be canalized. The idea that his expressed demands might be reasonable but that they were based on reasonable, if sub-conscious, aspirations; that it might be nonsense to dream after an empire of 250 million Germans, but that it might be wise for Germany to extend her control, say, over South-East Europe since such an ambition was supposed to be all that Hitler really wanted.

Herr Rauschning's book shows that this was a dangerous delusion. Attempts have been made to canalize Herr Hitler up to now: von Papen tried it before the *Machtergreifung*, and later the Army tried to establish its own dictatorship within the Nazi dictatorship.

But von Papen is lucky to be alive to-day, and the Army has been brought to heel. The fact is that Herr Hitler has a Bismarckian gift for seeing what is at the back of the other man's mind—and is therefore always at least one move ahead.

The corruption which National Socialism has instilled into the inner life of the nation is something alien: the intoxication of foreign expansion is nothing new. Herr Rauschning gives some interesting details of, then, current affairs; Great Britain cut off from Europe and concerned only with the British Empire, Italy head of Mediterranean America, Germany mistress of all between Flushing and Vladivostock. It is important to note that an

alliance with Russia figured in one at any rate of the Party's plans.) Such ambitions link up with pre-war dreams, and the fact that they might seem wild to an English critic is wholly irrelevant to the question whether an attempt would be made to realize them. Any statesman dealing with Herr Hitler must make up his mind that he is likely to try for the realization of his apparently wildest plans—that, in fact, he knows best what he really wants. Each new success does not mean that he is so much the nearer to satiety, nor on the other hand that his appetite will be so much the keener. It simply means the passing of one more stage to a fixed end.

Miss Dodd has one experience in common with Herr Rauschning: like him she began as an admirer of the Nazi régime and, having seen it for what it is, came to hate it. Here the similarity between these two intelligent observers ends. Herr Rauschning sees in National Socialism the complete negation of that "eternal Germany" which causes such mystical enthusiasm in the Nazi leaders: Miss Dodd feels for it the disgust naturally inspired by so much coarseness and cruelty. Her criticism would be equally valid against any one of the more flamboyant totalitarian régimes.

Her book stands out by the charm of her writing and the closeness of her observation. She has met the leaders of the régime and despite her dislike deals with them lightly and even with a touch of gaiety. But her civilized approach does not alter the fact that her book is inspired by a powerful missionary spirit directed to the eradication of what she regards as an evil thing.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

**JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE**, by  
Amedée Ozenfant. *Gollancz.* 16s.

**THE LAND OF FRANCE**, by Ralph  
Dutton and Lord Holden. *Batsford.*  
8s. 6d.

As the conversation between the very digressive author of "Journey through Life" and a French historian was, we are told, languishing rather dismally the historian exclaimed in the fine, mellow tones of the southerner : ' You're a revolutionary, Ozenfant. One is, at your age ! ' Thereupon Ozenfant went to call upon a prominent Socialist, who failed to reassure him. ' Take care ! Take great care, Socialists of every country ! ' he says in a footnote. ' You are far less powerful than you think ' and he reminds them that the German Social-Democrats did not last long under Hitler. . . . The publisher of this voluminous book does not vouchsafe any information with regard to its author, but it would seem that when he is not rushing about Europe, discussing the political situation with all kinds of people, he is a master at an art school. The four specimens he gives us of his own work certainly carry out one of the nine rules which he set himself, namely : ' Leave no hole in the composition. No empty spaces. Nothing but flesh ! ' He tells us that his pupils often ask him how one should start ; he gives a philosophic reply, looking askance at those who prosaically copy the model, and then we are told that the Disarmament Conference drones away at Geneva, which is ' utterly disgusting ' and, in fact, that ' Life is a wretched thing and where it isn't wretched it is idiotic '. Near the end of this very crowded book of nearly 400 pages we are told that ' art is silent ! '

' The Land of France ' is a book whose pages are crowded in a less fantastic manner. Here we have practically the whole of France with special emphasis on her architecture, history and gastronomy. Now and then we are entertained by the humour of undoubted statement which we observed in Lord Holden's book on Ceylon. But here Mr. Dutton have so much knowledge to impart that there is not much room for humour. As they have limited themselves to less than 150 pages it is a pity that on p. 82 we are told that the Sens cathedral ' is of particular interest to the English ' because William of Sens was probably responsible for the east end of Canterbury cathedral and on p. 87 we are informed that Sens cathedral ' has a particular interest for the English ' because it was designed by William of Sens who later worked on Canterbury cathedral. It is odd that such well-informed authors should be inaccurate with regard to the expression *limogé* ; on p. 49 and again on p. 111 it is stated that an officer said to have been sent to Limoges during the War was one of the prudent and lucky individuals who had secured a safe appointment at the base. But an officer *limogé* was one who had shown himself to be inadequate and was therefore removed from his job. With this book in his possession the tourist will be guided to the very essence of French justice is done, for example, to the stained glass of Le Mans, it is also visited upon Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc who destroyed the soul of so much mediæval loveliness by his drastic restorations. One may regret that the 365 islands in the Bay of Morbihan are not mentioned, but it is very satisfactory to be told that Rabelais was the town

ician of Metz and that Paul Line was a rather incongruous native of this stalwart fortified town. It is necessary to say that, as in all Ford books, the illustrations are as good as they are beautiful. Perhaps the index is the least commendable part of this encyclopædic volume; we look in vain for the roman-forges du Tarn, though they are celebrated in the body of the book surely the undistinguished little town of Pont l'Evêque is less memorable, despite its cheese, than the magnificent Pont du Gard. We may note that Pierre Loti is not passed over but that Renan's connection with him is ignored. However it is enough to point out these omissions; perhaps they were done on purpose, so that the authors might issue a supplementary book. 'Avez la Bienvenue', said Charles the First on a famous occasion and, if that appears, we shall certainly repeat words.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

**ROGUE MALE**, by Geoffrey Household. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

**LEARN TO LOVE FIRST**, by Amabel Williams-Ellis. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

**A DARK STAR**, by March Costello. Collins. 8s. 6d.

**THE FLYING GOAT**, by H. E. Bates. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Considering what has been in everybody's mind during the past year, it is not to be wondered at that two of the books here under review should be concerned with dictators. Still less surprising that assassination of a dictator should be the vital theme in each case. Mr. Household allows his dictator to escape for the time being,

while Mrs. Williams-Ellis leaves her weltering in his gore; but both have succeeded in working up a genuinely tense atmosphere of excitement, however different the treatment of the subject may be.

*Rogue Male* is an intensely personal tale. It is the journal, in the first person, of a wealthy Englishman, a big-game hunter who went out after "the biggest game of all". His attempt at long-range assassination was a failure; and he even takes some time to convince himself that he really intended to press the fatal trigger. At any rate, he was caught, tortured, beaten and left for dead. He makes his escape to England by a combination of ingenuity and sheer physical courage, but even there he is pursued by the dictator's agents. His subsequent adventures, first in London, then in and about his dug-out in a remote country lane, are breathless; a misguided sortie betrays his hiding-place to the enemy, but his resourcefulness comes into play again, and he finally escapes—only to "disappear"—ready for another blow at the enemy of mankind. An ingenious touch is the way the wild tom-cat, Asmodeus (who shares the dug-out) avenges his own needless death. This is a first-class thriller, in the highest sense of the word, and its impassive relation of horrors recalls C. S. Forester at his best. It more than fulfils the promise of Mr. Household's first novel, *The Third Hour*.

*Learn to Love First* is very much more of a novel, with the social, and hence the feminine, element more markedly stressed. Here the anonymity of Mr. Household's hero is replaced by the Ruritanian quality of Mrs. Williams-

Ellis's country. "Carolia", however, has everything in common with the Germany of to-day except that we are told more about the dictator's appetites. The beginning, a state wedding that was no wedding, is a brilliant introduction, and the foul atmosphere of double-crossing prevailing in high places is vividly suggested. Let us hope that the sobriety and good counsel of the People's Party, and its eventual revolt, may have their counterpart in real life. The sudden awakening of the "bridegroom" to the falseness of totalitarian philosophy, and the "bride's" more gradual realization of the hopelessness of her degradation are made all the more heart-rending by the simplicity of their description. The sudden rush of events to a climax of murder, massacre, and revolution has the satisfying impetus of the inevitable. Only the most case-hardened reader could lay aside either of these tales unfinished.

In *The Dark Star* March Cost takes us into an almost equally incredible world—the world of the theatre—and an extraordinarily real picture she gives of it: its intensely personal feelings, its rivalries, its huge successes and equally colossal failures; and the characters of a great actor-manager and a brilliant actress are here for all to see. But the thing could have been better done in less than half the number of words; and the fashionable neglect of the time-sequence, where past, present, and future are mingled haphazard, seems falser and more pretentious every time it is met with. Any chapter of this book, taken by itself, makes pleasant reading, especially those concerned with Loring's early days in Glasgow; but in the aggregate

the mass of words becomes unwieldy brief, you can't see the wood for the trees.

*The Flying Goat* is Mr. Batt's seventh collection of short stories. He has been trying to think of a single adjective that might describe the peculiar quality of his writing; the quality is as elusive as the adjective. Perhaps "unexaggerated" would come nearest the mark. Most of these stories deal with slightly sub-human or super-human phenomena, yet there is a curiously convincing sanity and possibility about even their most fantastic situations. For sheer solid atmosphere the first and the last stories are the strongest. Of the others *I am not Myself* is a brilliant study what we are pleased to call the abnormal and owes something to the best work of De La Mare, though very far from being a copy. The aspects of "normal" dealt with in *The Public Figure* and *Shot Actress—A Story* raise eerie doubts about what normality really counts for. And in full measure there are one or two light sketches of pure fun. A very excellent and well selected assortment, and a word for the publisher—a beautifully and carefully produced volume.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD

#### MARGINAL COMMENT, by Harold Nicolson. Constable. 5s.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's weekly thoughts throughout the last seven months of peace are here republished from *The Spectator*. From them it is possible to recall events in vivid living flashes and to live again our hopes and fears. Mr. Nicolson's style is very agreeable and he has a happy knack of opening his essays with a telling phrase.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

**Wickham Steed:** Renowned for fear and clear speaking Mr. Wickham Steed has been a student of European affairs for nearly fifty years. Born in he studied, after leaving school, in Berlin and Paris Universities, during his distinguished career as a journalist he represented *The Times* in Berlin, Rome, and Vienna. In 1914 he became the Foreign Editor of that paper and in 1919 he became its editor. From 1923 to 1930 he was proprietor and editor of the *Review of Reviews*. At that time he has maintained his reputation for a keen insight into national problems by his books, lectures, broadcasting and lecturing.

**Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond :** Born in the same year as Mr. Wickham Steed, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B., is now Master of Downing College, Cambridge. Admiral Richmond had a long and distinguished service at sea after the 1914-18 war held a number of important posts, chief among them being President of the R.N. War College, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Squadron, and Commandant of Imperial Defence College. In recent years he has written a number of important books and until his retirement as Master of Downing, he was Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval and Imperial History at Cambridge.

**Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn :** Brother of Stephen Gwynn, Major-

General Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., began his serious army career as a 2nd Lieut. R.E. in 1889. From that date promotion came at short and regular intervals and for three years before the outbreak of the last war he was Director Military Art, Royal Military College, Duntroon, Australia. After the war, during which he was mentioned in despatches, decorated with the Belgian Croix de Guerre, and created C.B. and Officier, Legion of Honour, he became from 1926-31 Commandant, Staff College, Camberley.

**Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton :** Serving with distinction in the South African War Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., served with the W.A.F.F. 1902-07 and in the European War. He was Air Attaché, British Embassy, Washington and later Chief Staff Officer, Iraq Command. He, also, is Officier, Legion of Honour. His books and articles have been trenchant and exceptionally well-informed.

**A. A. Milne :** It was in 1934 that A. A. Milne showed his ability in yet another direction by writing a serious book on pacifism entitled *Peace With Honour*. Previously Mr. Milne, who started a romantic writing career by editing *The Granta*, had been known as a contributor to *Punch*—he was also assistant editor for eight years before the European War—and a successful

writer of plays, books and children's poetry and stories. But those who remember his war-time sketches, written when he was serving with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, will recall a depth of feeling, plainly visible beneath the cloak of fun.

**C. A. Macartney** : A Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, C. A. Macartney served in the European War and a few years later was a member of the Intelligence Department, League of Nations Union, where he remained until 1936 when he went to Oxford. He has made a profound study of Eastern European problems and his frequent writings testify to his unique knowledge of his subject. His most recent publication was a pamphlet in the Oxford University series, entitled, *The Danubian Basin*.

**Anthony Armstrong** : His real name is something different and he is a Captain, late R.E., and accordingly a very suitable choice for the writer of our short story in our first war issue. His initials 'A.A.' are as well known to *Punch* readers as A. A. Milne's used to be and few, who read them, will forget the sketches, *Livestock in Barracks* and *Captain Bayonet*.

**Hubert Griffith** : Being born in 1896 meant that Hubert Griffith was exactly 18 in 1914. For two years he served as a Private in the Royal Fusiliers ; then he became 2nd. Lieut. Scottish Rifles ; by 1917 he was Staff Lieut. (Intelligence) and finally he was in Royal Flying Corps as Flying Officer Observer. After the war he forgot all about soldiers and

aeroplanes and concentrated on writing plays and criticising other people's. He contributed regularly to *The Observer* and *The Manchester Guardian* and for a period was dramatic critic of the *Evening Standard*. Now he is in the Air Force again.

**Desmond Hawkins** : It is doubtful if Desmond Hawkins remembers anything of the last war. He is a young critic, whose first novel *Hawk Among the Sparrows* was published in the Spring and received with considerable enthusiasm.

**Patrick Ransome** : An International Lawyer, Patrick Ransome worked for some time at the International Labour Office at Geneva. He is one of those who is devoting much of his time to the ideas and ideals of Federal Union, his work being particularly on the research side.

**Bhabani Bhattacharya** : A writer living at Nagpur, Bhabani Bhattacharya, has contributed many articles to British and American newspapers and periodicals. His style has welcome charm and his subject, though serious, strikes a less harsh note than that of war.

**Stephen Gwynn** : No writer in recent years has maintained so great an output of literature at so high a level as Stephen Gwynn. It is more than twelve years now since Mr. Gwynn wrote his first instalment of his monthly commentary *Ebb and Flow* ; he has not missed a month, while his beautiful easy style and shrewd criticism have been a constant delight.

# THE FORTNIGHTLY MISCELLANY

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There is an indication, at the time of going to press, that social and cultural activities are beginning to show fresh signs of life and that London and the other big cities of England will not be entirely dependent on wireless entertainment and reading for their war time recreation during the dark winter months. As a working man said the other day, "I am glad that the cinemas are opening, for with only the churches and the pubs open, there's been nothing for the intermediates". Libraries, cinemas and theatres (up till 10 p.m.) should be well patronized for the next six months, but it is very good to hear that organizations, like Morley College, hope to continue with their usual evening classes and possibly their public lectures. Evening classes should be well attended everywhere. No doubt there will be a rush to learn foreign languages, particularly German and French, while numbers of people will have grown accustomed to the idea of spending their evenings in this way due to Gas and other A.R.P. courses.

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But also carrying on are the various organizations for the relief of distress. One of these, *The Save the Children Fund*, it will be remembered, did excellent work in Poland after the last war, and it is to be hoped that they will be able to do so again as the machinery for relief is still in existence. *The Save the Children Fund*, which is under the patronage of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Moderator of the Free Church Council and the Chief Rabbi, among others, will shortly be appealing for funds. When they do, it is to be hoped that everyone will remember their great efforts during the last twenty years on behalf of children all over the world and will send a contribution to the Hon. Treasurer, 20, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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On Monday, September 11, the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Bowater) broadcast a message in support of the joint appeal of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John for funds for the relief of the sick and the wounded in the war. The following day it was announced that the King had opened the broadcast with a gift of £5,000, while the Queen had given a further £2,000. A week later the total stood at £83,000, while by the time these words are read the sum will, no doubt, be more than twice or three times as great. It is a cause to which everyone will wish to contribute, while as long as the war

lasts the sum needed will have no limits. If you have not contributed and wish to do so, address your cheque to The Lord Mayor, The Mansion House, London, marking your envelope "Appeal".

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An article on Federal Government appears in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Readers may, therefore, be interested to know that Federal Union, who now have their offices at Gatton, West Lulworth, Wareham, Dorset, are issuing a weekly News Sheet. According to the latest edition Federal Union is now directing all its energies towards the drafting of peace terms, which it would be their business to get accepted by the general public at the first opportunity. Federal Union's subsequent objective is to see that the British Government adopts the Union's programme as its peace aims.